# Women Using Men's Colognes

BY PADDY CALISTRO
LOS ANGELES TIMES

"I wear men's colognes for the same reason I wear men's shirts," explains Melinda Currier, a graphic designer in Santa Monica who wears Annick Goutal's Hadrien and Krizia for Men. "They suit me. It doesn't matter that somebody else says they were designed for guys."

Like Currier, many women are heading for the men's fragrance counter. Tired of the overpowering floral notes and dramatic Oriental scents that have characterized women's perfumes for years, they are spritzing themselves with less pungent essences of citrus, lavender, herbs and forests.

Although 60 percent of men's fragrances are purchased by women, no figures exist to indicate how many women actually wear them. But retailers report that Calvin Klein's Obsession for Men and Eternity for Men have a strong female following, as do Aramis' New West Skin Scent, Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage and Fahrenheit, Giorgio for Men, Guerlain's Imperiale and Armani by Giorgio Armani.

"Right now more women are wearing men's scents than ever before," says Annette Green, executive director of the Fragrance Foundation in New York, an educational organization for the fragrance industry.

"Most working women don't want to wear sexy scents to the office, so many of them are turning to men's fragrances that they don't perceive as sexy."

But other factors are influencing the trend. "Many times it's just a matter of a woman's being independent and not wanting to wear what everyone else wears," says Marvin Adelman, a vice president of Aramis.

Fred Hayman, the Beverly Hills retailer who developed 273 perfume and 273 for Men, says that because women are the predominant fragrance buyers, "a man's scent must please a woman. So it's quite natural that she might want to wear it. If the scent is clean and fresh, there's no reason why she shouldn't."

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1990



Happy Mother's Day, Mildred!

Wednesday, November 11, 1987

**BIZARRO** / By Piraro




San Francisco Chronicle



Miss Storme DeLarverie (in tux) and Mr. Lynn Carter (in gown) the Jewel Box Revue

Storme →

DeLarverie

← male impersonator

w/ Jewel Box Revue



STORME: THE LADY OF THE JEWEL BOX




*"Before I ask the little filly to join you for a drink, you might like to know this is a gay bar, and that little filly is a little stallion*

# Dana carving out a nice little niche on 'Saturday Night Live'

By David Armstrong
EXAMINER COMEDY CRITIC

INQUIRING MINDS want to know: Is Dana Carvey — the creator of the marvelously sanctimonious Church Lady on "Saturday Night Live" — merely a local boy who made good, or a slyly subversive agent of . . . *Sa-tan*?

Either way, Carvey, an alum of the Bay Area comedy scene, was indisputably the brightest star in the recently completed season on "SNL," the show's funniest in the last several years. Carvey, along with rest of the 1986-87 cast, will be back next year, when the now-venerable show returns for its 13th season on NBC.

Not all of the credit for "SNL's" encouraging, if incomplete, recovery can go to Carvey, of course.

Executive producer Lorne Michaels, just coming off his second season at the helm after being away from "SNL" for several years, appears to be getting comfortable again. Certainly his decision to replace several members of the lackluster 1985-86 cast with energetic newcomers — including Carvey — is a key reason for the resurgence of the show he created in 1975.

Then there are other talented players, such as Dennis Miller, whose casual aggressiveness and shaggy charm are just right for the revitalized "Weekend Update" segments; A. Whitney Brown, an important writer and occasional performer whose deadpan commentaries also stand out on "Weekend Update"; and Nora Dunn, who teamed up with Jan Hooks to create a memorable pair of gushy, easy-listening crooners.

Dunn and Brown give San Francisco comedy fans some bragging rights, since they, like Carvey, are veterans of the local comedy nightclub circuit.

Carvey could be seen as recently as last summer performing an earlier version of the Church Lady in the cozy confines of the Other Cafe. She was primly judgmental then as now, but her disapproval was directed at the inferior casseroles that Carvey's mother brought to the local church suppers.

It was Carvey's divine inspiration to recast the Church Lady as the host of a religious TV talk show ("Church Chat"), and a measure of his achievement that he's managed to lampoon with success the legion



Dana Carvey's Church Lady has become a national figure

# DANA

—From E-1

of TV evangelists who have done such a splendid job satirizing themselves of late.

As the 1986-87 "Saturday Night" season developed, Carvey began to carry the show — not only by frequently reprising the crowd-pleasing Church Lady, but by contributing a gallery of other characters that proved vital to the success of "SNL's" ensemble comedy, as well.

Carvey's performance on the season-ending show May 23 was an impressive demonstration of what he can do — and why "Saturday Night" is as fortunate to have him as he was to land a spot on the show.

Carvey appeared in four sketches, in a strong show that was representative of the second half of the season, when Carvey's star was in ascendancy.

The traditional cold opening, with guest celebrity host Dennis Hopper parodying his role as the drug-addled hippie biker in "Easy Rider," and Carvey taking the part of the Peter Fonda character, man, was, like, enjoyable, but slight as the duo (joined by a Jack Nicholson type) pretended to ride customized choppers down the, uhm, you know, open road.

Another sketch, "Frank Booth's 'What's That Smell?'," was considerably nervier. Hopper re-created his disturbing role in "Blue Velvet," threatening a teary Tammy Faye Bakker with imminent bodily harm. Carvey, playing Robin Leach, was bug-eyed, noisy and unctuous as he observed the goings-on — providing a perfect foil for Hopper, who skillfully straddled the line between being funny and scary.

Carvey was a foil again in a take-off on "This Week With David Brinkley," playing the pompous George Will — self-contained and avuncular in his rimless spectacles and bright-boy bow-tie — to a bumptious Sam Donaldson character. Carvey's acid disdain for Donaldson's vulgarity (seconded by the actors playing Brinkley and a humorless Hodding Carter) smoothly set up "Donaldson" to get the laughs.

It was on "Church Chat" — the recurring skit that has become a star vehicle for Carvey — that he was at his funniest. Dressed in Church Lady garb — silly blond wig, horn-rimmed glasses, frumpy dress and asexual hose — Carvey, in character, went one-on-one with Hopper, who played himself — or, at least, his public self.



**Bay Area boy Dana Carvey**

Introducing Hopper ("brilliant, misunderstood genius ... or Satan worshipper?"), Carvey-as-the-Church Lady smirked her superior, pinched smirk as she prodded Hopper about Hollywood orgies.

Then, in a piping, little voice, she put the secular hedonist in his place with the lines that Carvey has turned into catch-phrases for late-night video addicts: "Well, isn't that special? Thank you for sharing that with us, Denny."

Cutting to a brief clip of Hopper as the asthmatic psycho in "Blue Velvet" — even in truncated form, it was unsettling — Hopper explained that he played a sadist who tortures a nightclub singer for his sexual pleasure. A lift of the eyebrows and a twist of the mouth, and the Church Lady was back with another piping put-down:

"Well, that must have been quite a *stretch* for you."

Even Hopper had to laugh. And when Hopper and the Church Lady ended the sketch by sharing a demure dance, well, Carvey's essential gentleness came through.

None of his characters is mean or completely unsympathetic. *That* is a stretch for a show that, even at its most brilliant, a dozen years ago, made its reputation by mocking supposedly dumb, dorky people who couldn't fight back. Martin Short is probably the only star in the show's recent years who was as funny and likeable as Carvey.

Playing a supporting but essential role in three sketches and providing the show's centerpiece, Carvey was a big reason why "SNL's" season-ender worked so well. Yet it was just another week's work for the boyish-looking actor who, at 32, still looks about 23.

It must be heady stuff for a guy from San Carlos, by way of Carlmont High and S.F. State. But through steady exposure on "SNL," Carvey has shown that he can be consistently funny and inventive in fast company. The only question now is whether he can repeat his success on "SNL" next season, and in the additional TV packages and movies in the pipeline for him.

Or — horrible thought — will this bright, attractive performer be grist for the media mill: this year's show-biz darling, next year's overexposed face?

Comedy pros who know Carvey believe he'll be around for a good, long time.

S.F. comedian Linda Hill, who has opened for Carvey locally a number of times, says "People have no idea how creative he is. He gets his material from life, and there's so much for him to draw on. He hasn't done anything yet on all the stuff he's seeing in New York."

*David Armstrong's reviews and essays appear regularly in The Examiner's Style and Weekend sections.*

San Jose Mercury News, Sunday morning, March 22, 1987 Section L

# Living

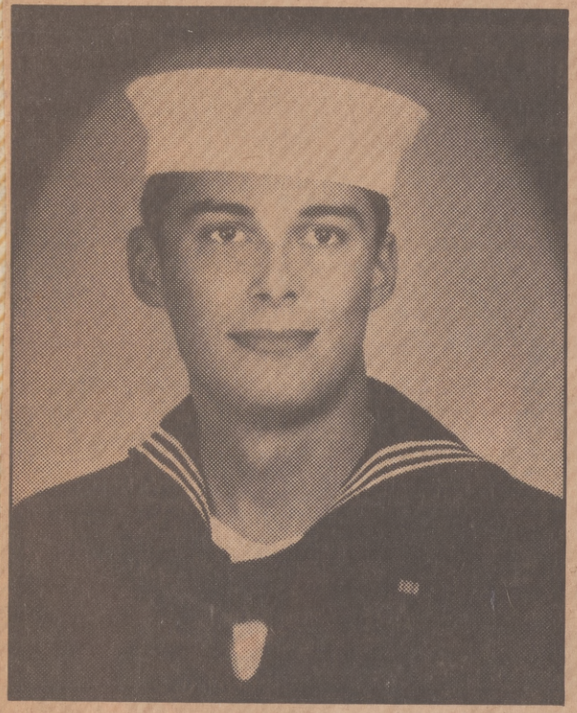
Family • Features • Advice

# A determination to fight for her identity

Maria Masters, born John Masters, has had 13 job interviews since her layoff at Paul Masson, and attributes her subsequent employment difficulties to interviewers' discomfort.

In his efforts to pursue a masculine role, John Masters married, enlisted in the Navy and had two sons; a former co-worker remembers him as a 'male chauvinist.'





Len Lahman — Mercury News

> "There are still lots of giggles, but I have to put up with it. I knew what I was getting myself into. I'm a tough broad."
>
> *— Maria Masters*

# Transsexual braves barriers of suspicion while seeking her place in the world

By Stephen G. Bloom
Mercury News Staff Writer

MARIA MASTERS, 43, stretches out on a soft-cushion couch, crossing her legs, gently tugging at the gold earring dangling from her left ear.

She nervously clicks her red-painted nails on the coffee table, then rearranges the Savvy and New Woman magazines.

On the surface, Masters is a typical Silicon Valley career woman. Divorced with custody of her two sons, 17 and 20, she lives in a stylish two-story Cupertino condominium. She favors silk blouses, long-line skirts, heels. She drives a white BMW.

Thirteen months ago, Masters was laid off from her $46,380-a-year job at Paul Masson Winery when the Saratoga champagne plant closed. She went on 13 interviews, but none produced a job. One interview lasted five minutes, another was canceled as soon as the interviewer saw Masters.

What's the problem?

Maria Masters used to be a man.

Last April, John Masters checked into a Colorado hospital to undergo a three-hour sex-change operation. His testicles were removed, and a functioning vagina was crafted from his penis.

Early this month, the last obvious male giveaway — a protruding Adam's apple — was surgically flattened and shaved from Masters' trachea.

Masters followed the lead of an estimated 20,000 other American men and women who have surgically changed their sex.

The most famous are pioneer Christine Jorgensen, tennis star Renee Richards and composer Wendy Carlos, as well as Welsh writer Jan Morris — accomplished celebrities before their transformations.

For those transsexuals, more fame and glory followed the sex change. Their careers flourished. Movies or books told stories of bodies that did not match genders. The last, fading image was an image of a freed soul.

But for most of the 100,000 diagnosed transsexuals in the United States who suffer from the medical syndrome known as gender dysphoria displacement, the story isn't glamorous.

Many are social outcasts forced to band together for friendship. Even when transsexuals are skilled, many employers are wary of hiring them.

Maria Masters — who legally changed her name — is no exception. Middle-aged women out of work have a hard enough time finding management-level positions. Women who once were men have an almost impossible time.

Out of work with little hope of finding a job commensurate with her 21 years of experience, Maria Masters is living on $166 a week in unemployment insurance benefits, which are due to run out April 25. Her savings are just about gone. She is fearful that the bank will repossess her home and car. She doesn't know how she can afford to send her sons to college.

She doesn't have enough money to finish the final complement of her transformation, breast implants.

On top of that, Masters has to cope with the not-so-easy task of suddenly learning how to be a woman. Daily she practices saying "hello" two octaves higher than her normal voice. She occasionally slips back into her manly stride. She rehearses how a woman is expected to shake hands.

Masters also has to learn how to manage her budding sexual desires. At 6-feet-2 and 165 pounds, she has to meet men in a suspicious, hostile world where transsexuals are looked at as freaks.

"She'd probably have an easier time meeting people and finding work if she were a convict who had just been re-

*See MASTERS, Page 7L*

# Transsexual doesn't mind stares — from men

*MASTERS, from Page 1L*

leased from San Quentin," says Mildred Brown, a San Jose therapist who counsels transsexuals, including Masters.

Brown's transsexual clients include a broke mechanical engineer who, after the operation, resorted to cleaning bedpans at a nursing home, computer operators and electronics technicians whose only employment opportunities now are washing dishes.

"I'm trying to be ladylike, understanding how to deal with the world, but it's not easy," Masters says.

In her spare time, Masters goes to shopping malls to observe how women dress, how they walk and carry themselves.

"There's more to dressing like a woman than makeup and pantyhose," Masters says. "It's accessories — scarves, belts, earrings. You have to worry about color coordination — like matching shoes and handbags. Then there's your eyebrows, your nails, your hair. You don't learn these things as a teen-age boy."

Masters' first inkling that he was different came when he was 9 or 10. "I used to stay up late nights, praying that I would wake up as a girl," Masters recalls. To satisfy the cravings, he would head for his mother's closet to dress in her clothing.

> 'I have all the hopes and dreams that I will meet the right man someday and fall in love.'
>
> — *Maria Masters*

In 1953, Christine Jorgensen made headlines with her well-publicized sex-change operation, performed in Denmark. Masters tried to read everything on Jorgensen, the former Bronx GI-turned-glamorous woman. He told his parents he wanted an identical operation.

It was a schizophrenic existence. He felt more comfortable sitting down while urinating, yet among his friends he went overboard to show his masculinity. He went to bordellos with buddies. He worked at his family's bowling alley. He became a construction worker.

In 1962, he met the woman who two years later would become his wife. "All I needed, I thought, was a good woman who could straighten me out," Masters says.

The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in San Francisco, and did what other newlyweds do on their honeymoons: sightsee and stay in their hotel room. "I went through the motions," Masters says. "I learned ways to fake it. I was stunned that my feelings of wanting to be a girl didn't go away."

Determined to shed his feminine side, Masters plunged deeper into the world of men. He enlisted in the Navy, and he and his wife moved to Florida, where Masters worked as a water rescue technician on the Gemini space project.

But when Masters came home at night, he made a beeline for his wife's closet. He also began buying clothes on his own through mail catalogs.

Only by fantasizing, he says, was he able to have sex with his wife. The couple's first son was born in 1967, followed three years later by another son.

Masters' wife threw him out of the bedroom when she discovered his nocturnal habit. Nonetheless, the marriage stayed intact when he agreed not to dress as a women in front of the family. Masters says his wife did not believe in divorce.

In 1977, the family moved to California, and Masters was hired at Paul Masson.

Wilma Phillips, who worked with Masters, remembers John Masters as "a male chauvinist who would bark out orders. There was no room for discussion. He was hardheaded. No one had any idea he would ever turn out to be a woman."

Another worker, Ginger Stoddard, recalls that John Masters often swore at employees and called women "broads" — perhaps another overreaction to trying to appear macho.

At home one night, he decided to give a name to the woman he was becoming. While standing naked in front of a mirror, he heard on the radio Johnny Mathis sing "Maria," from "West Side Story." "I repeated 'Maria' over and over and knew that was it."

There was no turning back. He started shaving his legs, dressing in bras, panty hose, slips. He paid for a personalized color chart at I. Magnin, and began wearing Alexandra deMarkoff and Lancome cosmetics.

It was at this time he started leaving the house dressed as a woman, first walking the neighborhood, then getting bolder, and going to shopping malls.

But the male/female conflict stirring inside did not dissipate. One day, Masters left work early, took five tablets of the sleeping pill Seconal, then called a pharmacist for a refill. The suspicious pharmacist alerted Masters' physician of the overdose.

"What I think was happening was that Maria was trying to kill John. He had a growth between his legs, something horrible, that never should have been there." After the botched suicide attempt, Masters and his wife filed for divorce in 1982. He says he could not stand being married any longer, could not carry on two lives. "I could no longer bear to look in the mirror and see John. I needed to get out."

Through a support group for transsexuals and transvestites, Masters sought counseling, but continued playing the stalwart male publicly. He dated a younger woman who worked on the champagne assembly line.

During divorce proceedings, Masters and his wife contested custody of their two teen-age boys. Before the court-ordered custody hearing began, Masters told the boys he was a transvestite, and during the hearing, he told the mediator.

Masters wanted to come to the hearing dressed as a woman, but on his attorney's advice, he wore men's clothing.

The mediator approved legal joint custody, but mandated that Masters take primary care of the boys except every other weekend.

Both boys told the mediator they preferred to live with their father, not their mother, Masters says. When asked if they were aware of their father's cross-dressing, the boys said yes, but still said they preferred living with their father.

In 1984, under the counsel of therapist Brown, Masters began taking hormones administered by an endocrinologist. He also started electrolysis on his face.

Masters and Brown agreed that if Masters could function happily for one year as a woman, a sex-change operation would be appropriate.

He told his bosses at Paul Masson of the decision. The next Monday, a memo went up on the company bulletin board notifying workers that "John Masters will return from vacation as a female employee. He will be known as Maria Ann Masters. It is our hope the change will take place without incidence."

To prepare for his first day back, Masters spent four hours dressing, choosing a black suit, pearl necklace, gold earrings, black pumps, a red blouse and a brunette shag wig. At first, there were titters and whispers among workers. Then the mean jokes started.

Obscene photos of nude men were posted in the bathroom. Above the toilet a banner read, "Queen's Throne." Cans of fruit punch were left at his desk.

In May 1985, Masters was told that he, along with 262 other employees, would be laid off when Paul Masson closed its plant in December. Masters was given nine months of severance pay, and was out of work the next February.

Two months later, he flew to Trinidad, Colo., where Dr. Stanley Biber performed the irreversible castration and constructive surgery. Masters' penis was used to form a vaginal cavity and vaginal lips. Penile nerve matter was tied and molded to form a clitoris.

Masters has no ovaries or uterus, and accordingly, can neither bear children nor menstruate. To maintain her transformation, she must take estrogen and progesterone pills for the rest of her life.

The surgery, a well-established medical procedure, is generally performed by urologists or plastic surgeons who operate at 24 centers throughout the United States. An estimated 500 of the operations are performed annually. Masters chose not to go to the nearby Stanford Gender Program because, among other reasons, it specializes in female-to-male sex-changes.

Depending on where it is performed and what is done, cost ranges from $5,000 to $18,000. The fees are seldom covered by insurance since the operation is termed elective, cosmetic or experimental.

When Masters returned home, she asked her sons how they wanted to address her. "I wasn't their mother, and I certainly wasn't their father," she recalls. "I suggested Aunt Maria or Maria, and they picked just Maria."

She gave her old clothes to the Salvation Army, and started looking for work. With guidance from a firm to assist laid-off Paul Masson workers, Masters was given pointers on interview style: how to shake hands, what to wear, what to order for a lunch interview.

Armed with a new identity, résumé and wardrobe, she began making calls. If contacted for a recommendation, Chester Hutchinson, Paul Masson's director of personnel, vouched for her abilities.

But the interviews went as she feared. After a few minutes, most interviewers were suspicious, and the interview was politely terminated.

One interview with a recruiter lasted two hours, and appeared to be going well — until Masters met the plant manager, and "I knew I was dead on the spot. He took one look at me and his eyes said 'no way.' "

"Employers think the transsexual will cause too many problems — 'What are the customers going to say? How are the other employees going to react? Which bathroom will the new person use?' " says Joanna Clark, a transsexual and author of a series of papers on the legal aspects of transsexualism.

Masters and other transsexuals have no legal recourse since they can't prove a prospective employee discriminated against them based on sex.

With no prospect of work, Masters says she may start a catering business. She also is thinking of offering a class for corporate personnel managers, dealing with issues of transsexualism. But she has no illusions of ever making as much as she did at Paul Masson.

Masters and her son, Daniel, 17, have a pact that she won't go to his high school. "I love her," says Daniel, of the woman who once was his father. "I used to think, 'God, why doesn't this go away!' but it didn't. I had to get used to it, and I have."

Some of his friends have come to the condominium, and he introduces Masters as "Maria," sometimes saying, "she's a friend of my dad's."

To be sure, he says, life with Masters isn't "your normal 'Leave-It-to-Beaver' family. When we're out together, people stare, and if it starts bugging me, then I just wave back and smile at them."

Masters' older son, a 20-year-old community college student who lives with his mother two miles away, tells friends that Masters is his stepmother, and that his "father died a while ago."

There are assets to having once been a man. The experience, she says, gives her an added edge in the dating game that few woman can match.

"I know men better than most any other woman do. I want to make my men feel like kings when I go out with them. I'm not a servant to anyone, but I understand the male mystique. I know men want to be made to feel very special, that they are No. 1."

She is one of the few people in the world who can boast of being a virgin twice. She hasn't lost her virginity as a woman, though, and says she hasn't met anyone with whom she wants to become intimate.

After a four-year period during which Master's mother refused to talk to her, the 68-year-old woman phoned, following the operation, calling her son "Maria" for the first time.

She hopes to start dating men, but avoids bars, and "meat markets." Several months ago at a nightclub with former co-worker Stoddard, Masters was asked to dance, and "she was on Cloud 9," says Stoddard.

She goes to a manicurist monthly, and uses the same hair stylist she had as a man. But as a woman, she pays $14 more for a trim.

Service takes longer as a woman, she says, and waiters are more likely to push desserts on her than they did as a man. When her TV broke down recently, the repairman talked to her as though she were a child.

Masters has learned to use her new sex to her advantage. When she went shopping for new tires, the salesman showed her the bill and she said in a feminine voice, "Couldn't you make it just a little less? I'm a divorced mother of two boys." He did.

Masters doesn't feel compelled to tell suitors about her past. She is a romantic at heart. "I have all the hopes and dreams that I will meet the right man someday and fall in love."

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**"I used to stay up late nights, praying that I would wake up as a girl."**

*— Maria Masters*

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Masters says she has had no problems with the neighbors at her condominium complex, or with fellow congregants of the Episcopal church she attends.

She occasionally gets stares, but says she doesn't mind if they are from men.

"There are still lots of giggles, but I have to put up with it. I knew what I was getting myself into," she says. "I'm a tough broad."

In her 1962 high school yearbook, a photo shows a smiling John Masters, with his nickname, "Dude," under it. This summer, she hopes to attend her 25th-year reunion at Arizona's Nogales High School.

"I can't imagine anyone who's changed more than me," she says.



Shirley Stelfox and Anthony Collin, who plays a brothel client, co-stars with Julie Walters, who portrays Cynthia Payne, in "Personal Services," one of two new movies about Payne.



# Personality study finds traits are mostly inherited

New York Times

NEW YORK — The genetic makeup of a child is a stronger influence on personality than child rearing, according to the first study to examine identical twins reared in different families. The findings shatter a widespread belief among experts and laymen alike in the primacy of family influence and are sure to engender fierce debate.

The findings are the first major results to emerge from a long-term project at the University of Minnesota in which, since 1979, more than 350 pairs of twins have gone through extensive testing that has included analysis of blood, brain waves, intelligence and allergies.

For most of the traits measured, more than half the variation was found to be due to heredity, leaving less than half determined by the influence of parents, home environment and other experiences in life.

The Minnesota findings stand in sharp contradiction to standard wisdom on nature vs. nurture in forming adult personality. Virtually all major theories since Freud have given far more importance to environment, or nurture, than to genes, or nature.

The 350 pairs of twins studied included some who were raised apart.

If environment were the major influence in personality, then identical twins raised in the same home would be expected to show more similarity than would the twins reared apart. But the study of 11 personality traits found differences between the kinds of twins were far smaller.

Jerome Kagan, a developmental psychologist at Harvard University, said the findings imply that "some aspects of personality are under a great degree of genetic control."

# TANK McNAMARA



ALAMEDA TIMES-STAR, ALAMEDA, CA MONDAY, July 13, 1987

# ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: My husband and I have been married for a little over a year. We have a baby and are extremely happy.

"Mel" has a hobby he started when he was a little boy. I knew about it before I married him, so I am not complaining. He likes to dress up in women's clothes. I told him it was OK with me as long as he didn't do it in my presence.

Since the baby came I've been home a lot and this has created a problem. Mel hasn't been able to dress up, and it has made him irritable and short tempered. I asked him why he needs to do this and he says he doesn't know.

Last night I took the baby to my mother's so Mel could dress up. When I came home he was watching TV wearing a blonde wig, a beautiful sequin gown, high heels and a feather boa. He looked better than a lot of women I know. He also does a fantastic job of applying makeup. I thanked the Lord that our baby is too young to remember his father in that get-up.

Why would a man want to do this? He is definitely not a homosexual and is the most manly looking guy I know. Sign me -- MEL'S WIFE, U.S.A.

DEAR M.W.U.S.A.: I checked with one of the country's foremost authorities on cross-dressing. He asked that his name not be used because several years ago when I named him he was swamped with mail. Dr. X said there are many types of transvestites. Most are married and have children. He made it clear they are not homosexuals.

When questioned about their first cross-dressing experience almost all say it was a woman who put them in girl's clothes, usually to humiliate them. Also, cross-dressers almost invariably view their fathers as cold, distant, powerful and uncommunicative. The yearning for acceptance becomes so intense that it creates an erotic sense of frustration. Dressing up, accompanied by masturbation, provides an emotional release.

Some transvestites say they started to dress like girls because their sisters were "daddy's favorite" and they felt that if they were girls they would get special treatment, too.

Accept the fact that this behavior is deep-seated and almost always irreversible. Since he told you about it before marriage, try not to be judgmental.



## Ann Landers

**DEAR ANN LANDERS: May I reply to Mel's wife, who wrote about cross-dressing? Since nearly 10 percent of all males have this urge, it is important that people understand it.**

**I am a heterosexual (as about 75 percent of us are) male transvestite. I began to wear my mother's clothes when I was about 5. As I grew older I read everything I could get my hands on about transvestism to determine what I was. A potential candidate for transsexual surgery? A homosexual? I came to realize that I had two personalities, male that corresponded to my gender, and female that needed to be expressed.**

**Current research considers this an inborn compulsive behavior that can be triggered at any age by any number of incidents. I have found that cross-dressers who have come in contact with the feminine side of their personality are above average in intelligence and more sensitive to the feelings of others, especially their wives or girlfriends. They are often more secure in their masculinity than many of the "macho" types. Sexual release in most cases is secondary to the sense of physical and emotional pleasure that comes from dressing up. It is not a hobby, it is a necessity. This may explain Mel's irritability when he is unable to dress up.**

*Transvestite sets the record straight*

**I would urge Mel's wife to disregard most all of what she has heard about transvestism. There is too much misinformation around. She must remember that this is a factor in Mel's personality that made him the person he is and that she loved him enough to marry him. She should not feel threatened by his feminine side.**

**Fear of the unknown and apprehension about public discovery are two legitimate concerns. If she sits down with him, talks about it, respects his feelings and keeps the lines of communication open, she will find that her love will be much deeper for this multifaceted person she chose to go through life with. The quality of the relationship will be greatly enhanced by her acceptance and support. — T.J., Houston**

DEAR T.J.: Thanks for a postgraduate course in cross-dressing. You've helped a lot of people today.

# Boys Who Bared Knees Lose a Day at School

*ASSOCIATED PRESS*

Jacksonville, Ark.

No knees is bad news, say eight male students who wore miniskirts to protest a ban on shorts.

"I would like to know what is wrong with the boys' knees?" said Alicia Williams, mother of Kennith Miller, sent home from Jacksonville High School last Friday along with classmates who wore miniskirts with hems a few inches above their knees.

Principal James Johnson said the school's dress code allows skirts, but bars shorts and halter tops. He said he sends home any girl who wears a miniskirt that is too short or revealing, but that he has bent the rules by allowing male students to wear "jams," or shorts that end below the knees.

Alicia Williams said the style is to wear jams at knee level or a little above, and the boys thought their protest was a humorous way to make a point.

"I don't find it humorous at all," Johnson said. "They were interfering with the educational process . . . parading around and disrupting classes."




"I'M GOING AS YOUR MOTHER."

## GOLDEN GATE AWARDS PROGRAM

This program will include awarding prizes for the Golden Gate Awards Competition. The films below are Best of Category winners. A selection of other Golden Gate Award winners will be shown March 16, 12–5 pm, at the Goethe Institute, 530 Bush Street, San Francisco. FREE ADMISSION to both programs.

**CALL ME MADAME** *Appelez-Moi Madame*
France, 1986, 52 min. In French with English subtitles

In 1982, a retired high school teacher and former resistance member who'd been married for 40 years to another teacher and was the father of a teenage boy, paid a visit to the shopkeepers of his small Normandy town dressed as a middle-aged matron and told them: "From now on, you're to call me Madame." Instead of making a film "about transsexuality," Françoise Romand [*Mix-up*, 1986] manages to draw a portrait of a complex personality caught in a network of social and intimate relationships.

—*Berenice Reynaud*, Chicago Reader

**Director:** Françoise Romand. **Camera:** Maurice Perrimond. **Production Co.:** INCA/TF1. **Print Source:** Unifrance.

**3/16 KAB, 3/18 KAB**



## *Signs of Sex Change In China*

The Shanghai Evening News reports that a man from northeast China who was brought up as a girl has asked doctors at a Shanghai hospital to perform a sex-change operation.

A plastic surgeon was said to have specified that the man would need permission from his family and local health department officials.

Chinese peasants sometimes rear boys as girls to protect them from evil spirits; girls are thought to be so unimportant that they don't attract the spirits.

3-17-88

## Greek Transvestites Form Party

ATHENS, GREECE — Greek transvestites formed their own political party in early February and have applied to their country's Supreme Court for approval of their party's name and constitution.

Haralambos Tamoutsides, a 6'3" transvestite and the elected president of the new Panhellenic Nonaligned Movement of Equality, said recently that gay transvestites felt the need to form a party because of increased harassment by police, especially since the first cases of AIDS were detected in Greece in 1987.

4-22-88 □

# Keeping sex under control

When is a hormone not a hormone? When it looks like an important sex-related hormone but is biologically impotent, say the first scientists to report finding such a substance in human blood. These "antihormones" may play a role in the timing of puberty, as well as in changes in sex-organ function during aging. The discovery could also have implications for future contraceptives, treatments for hormonal dysfunction and methods to pinpoint ovulation, say the scientists.

Researchers at the University of California at San Diego reported results last week from a study where women with below-normal ovarian function were given an "antagonist" of gonadotropin-releasing hormone (GnRH). This regulatory hormone prompts secretion of gonadotropins, hormones that affect functions like gonadal (sex organ) growth and the release of other sex-related hormones. Treating women with a GnRH antagonist — which closely mimics GnRH but lacks its gonad-stimulating activity — is a standard clinical protocol to help evaluate different segments of an individual's complex hormone-release cycles.

Of particular interest to the researchers was the gonadotropin called follicle-stimulating hormone (FSH). "There's a feedback loop [involved in hormone-secretion cycles]," says Aaron J.W. Hsueh, who helped conduct the study. "However, if the ovaries or testes are removed or are not functioning normally, the FSH levels are very high because the feedback mechanism is lost." As reported in the Jan. 1 SCIENCE, Hsueh, Kristine D. Dahl and Thomas A. Bicsak — dissatisfied with current commercial assays for FSH — developed more sensitive methods capable of separating several chemical forms of FSH and then tested blood from the GnRH-antagonist-treated women.

What they found was "something very strange," according to Hsueh, who says the results are the first proof that "antihormones" circulate naturally in the body. Other scientists had reported that when sugars are experimentally removed from purified FSH in the laboratory, the gonadotropin still binds to its receptors on gonadal cells but loses its bioactivity: It no longer stimulates estrogen production, for example.

But the new data go beyond the laboratory situation, showing that FSH-like molecules without biological activity also circulate through the body. The researchers confirmed this lack of biological activity, says Hsueh, by adding the newly discovered FSH-like substance to cultured ovary cells, which failed to secrete estrogen.

By binding to gonadal cells, these antagonistic antihormones block activity by well-known forms of FSH, thereby disrupting normal hormone secretion. Whether they occur in the general population has not been determined, says Hsueh. To answer that question, the scientists are now studying a group of older men. During aging, the FSH levels are relatively high, but the biological activity of the gonadotropin is low, says Hsueh, adding that circulating antihormones could explain the discrepancy. Antihormones also may be active in children, "just to make sure puberty comes at the right time," says Hsueh.

In another study underway, Dahl is using the new FSH assays on urine samples, including specimens from killer whales and endangered species like the gorilla. Better timing of the animals' sexual cycles could improve success in zoo breeding, says Hsueh. —*D.D. Edwards*

San Francisco Chronicle

Wednesday, January 13, 1988

## Fancy Dress In Washington

Senator **Ted Kennedy**, D-Mass., showed up at his staff Christmas party dressed in drag as **Fawn Hall**.

"He wore a dress, a wig, lipstick, eye makeup and a bra stuffed with paper," said a guest.

The senator's nephew, Representative **Joe Kennedy**, D-Mass., came dressed as **Ollie North**. 1-13-88

## Italian Priest Became a Woman

What to do with the male priest who, ignoring the fact that women are not allowed to be priests in the Catholic Church, became a woman priest? The Turin newspaper La Stampa, cited in the Economist, reports on the case of **Father Paolo**, who served as priest in a southern Italian town for 25 anguished years.

He told his confessor he wanted to be a woman. The confessor told him to pray. He told his bishop he wanted to be a woman. The bishop told him to stop thinking about himself. A northern Italian doctor sent him to a psychologist. The psychologist sent him to a physician. Eventually, a surgeon in Genoa made him a woman.

The priest applied for early retirement, without telling the church that he had become she. Permission was granted, and she is receiving a pension.

The case, however, received enough notoriety that the church has appointed a commission of inquiry. 10-14-87

## DEAR ABBY / ABIGAIL VAN 12-31-87

# I Can Wear His Clothes

DEAR ABBY: After reading about the double standard concerning women wearing men's clothing, and vice versa, I had to write. I am happily married to a man who shares his closet with me. On a trip to Hawaii a few years ago, my luggage was lost, so I wore my husband's clothes until mine arrived — five days later! We are the same size — I am large for a woman, and he's small for a man.

He has worn some of my things, too, which doesn't make him less masculine in my eyes. He likes to wear my nighties and negligees because they feel so soft next to his skin.

NO HANG-UPS IN OHIO

## What Really Went On At the Kennedy Party

A reader who wishes to remain anonymous but who attended **Teddy Kennedy**'s Christmas party called yesterday to explain why the Massachusetts senator was in drag as **Fawn Hall**.

It wasn't just fancy dress; Kennedy played Hall in a 45-minute-long skit that was presented as part of an annual dramatic tradition.

After the skit was over, explained the guest, Kennedy changed back to street clothes.

**AUDITIONS:** Finocchio's, 506 Broadway in SF. Female Impersonators who are professional versatile dancers--come in male attire--bring costumes, makeup, leotards, dance shoes, dance tapes & resume. Also opening for choreographer, male or female. April 20th, 11-4pm. Use Kearny St entrance.

SHORT STORY

# THERE HE/SHE IS: MISS HAIGHT-ASHBURY

There was something undeniably special about the martinis sloshing over our soaked, smeared table that made them unlike any others I had ever considered drinking.

Of course, it may have been the fact that they were mixed and served by a six-foot drag queen promenading in front of us that got my attention. Or maybe just that the server, one Cobalt Blueberg, strained the martinis through her fingers before pouring. Then again, perhaps it was the three muscular young men, naked but for loincloths, who cradled Blueberg and swung him/her aloft to taped disco music after the drinks were served.

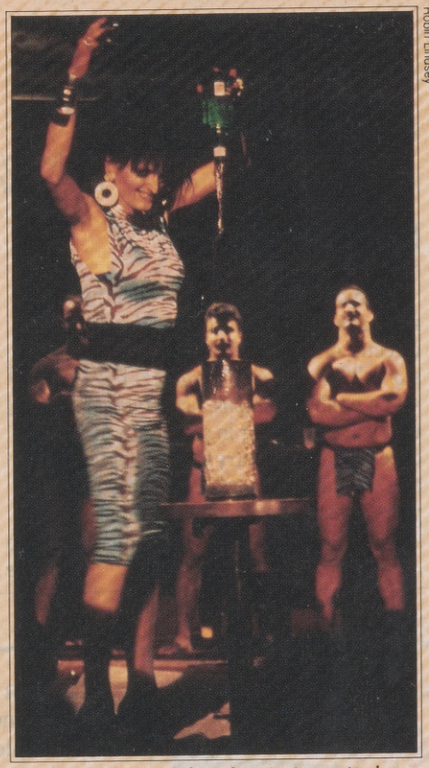
The industrial-strength cocktails—along with that hair, those lips, those eyes—won Blueberg the coveted title of Miss Haight-Ashbury recently before a sold-out house at the Great American Music Hall. She was the first man to win it all in this equal-opportunity beauty pageant, an only-in-San Francisco revel that can best be described as a good-natured cross between *Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour* and Fellini's *Satyricon*.

I have been a judge at the last two Miss Haight-Ashbury contests—my job as comedy critic for the *Examiner* qualifies me as an expert on bizarre behavior—and I look forward every year to this singular event. Along with my fellow judges—a gaggle of media and show-biz types—I serve without pay so that some girl or boy who is more than pretty can win a free haircut or a guest spot on the Alex Bennett radio show—two of this year's prizes.

Talent isn't really necessary to do well in this spoof of a beauty pageant, though we do score for poise, originality, audience response and wit. Last year, a contestant shaved her head onstage—a dramatic attention-getting device that repelled the judge next to me, a fellow newspaper writer who, perhaps significantly, didn't serve on the panel this year.

Conventional good looks aren't really a prerequisite for success, either, though a certain chutzpah is highly prized. A Ms. Scarlot Harlot, representing COYOTE, the prostitutes' rights organization, lost her pasties during this year's swimsuit competition, but another hopeful went to the other extreme, draping her form in fur—for those cool, windy days at the beach, perhaps.

Following the traditional beauty pageant format, the Miss Haight-Ashbury bash also includes an extemporaneous speaking segment. However, speaking in a recognizable language isn't a strictly enforced requirement for the happy exhibitionists who enter.



Robin Lindsey

*Cobalt Blueberg exhibits the winning attitude.*

All that's really indispensable in order to represent the city's most eclectic and self-consciously unconventional neighborhood is a certain to-hell-with-it attitude—the kind that Cobalt Blueberg had in spades, along with the event's original emcee, the late, beloved comedian Jane Dornacker.

Chip Romer, co-owner of the Haight's resident comedy nightclub, the Other Cafe, started the contest back in 1982. "My ex-girlfriend and I were watching a beauty contest on television and realized how utterly stupid it was," Romer remembers. "We decided that a Miss Haight-Ashbury would be a contradiction in terms. It opened up real possibilities for the absurd. We wanted to stage a contest in the Haight-Ashbury, but we needed a bigger place, so we took it to the Great American Music Hall."

In keeping with the event's absurdist ambiance, bribing the judges is not only accepted but expected. In addition to Blueberg's martinis, this year's fifteen contestants (three of them men) littered the judges' table with baseball cards, a hotel room key, soggy edibles resembling Animal Crackers, a polished apple the size of a grapefruit, fried chicken and play money in large denominations.

Having paid off the judges, the contestants wobbled back up the runway—a jerrybuilt device covered with butcher paper and fringed with blinking Christmas lights—their spike heels bunching and tearing the paper.

During the intermission, a pair of hands began urgently kneading my shoulders. I did not know the owner of the hands.

"Isn't Miss Nightbreak amazing?" my new acquaintance asked rhetorically, referring to a young woman representing a Haight Street punk bar. "Isn't she *amazing*? Can you be bribed with drinks?" Before I could speak, two tickets good for drinks at Nightbreak fluttered to the table in front of me. (Thanks.)

When the show lagged—its endearing amateurism does not put a premium on crisp production values—co-hosts Jeremy Kramer and Linda Hill filled in admirably. Hill, especially, was in her element, providing waggish color commentary from atop a towering podium, changing from one puffy chiffon dress to another and speaking in a singsong voice familiar to devotees of the Miss America pageant and other very serious events.

As the evening heated up and things onstage assumed a progressively Rabelaisian glow, my wife, Liz, spotted a very young, fair-haired boy sitting near us, looking woefully out of place. Turns out he was a fifth-grader whose mother decided to make family history by attempting to become the next Miss Haight-Ashbury. The boy looked parched, so Liz gave him a judge's drink ticket and he gratefully ordered a cold soda to wait out the suspense. To no avail. Mom lost. Hey, next year.

DAVID ARMSTRONG

BAY AREA REPORTER JANUARY 7, 1988

## Mr. Marcus

In case you never heard of them, there are actually straight men who like to dress up in drag and there exists such a group here in Mecca. The group is called ETVC (Educational TV Channel) and they're having their annual Cotillion on Sat., Jan. 9, at the Slovenian Hall (2101 Mariposa) with tickets going for $10 advance, $12 at the door. You may have seen the ETVC's at the CMC Carnival coat check room last November—weren't they cute?

# Offbeat, Post-Franco Sexual Stew

Friday, July 3, 1987

BY EDWARD GUTHMANN

If there was any doubt left by his earlier film, "What Have I Done to Deserve This?," Spanish film maker Pedro Almodovar demonstrates with his new release, "Law of Desire," that he's the most audacious, most interesting and certainly the most sexually explicit exponent of post-Franco movie frankness working in Spain today.

In the opening sequence to "Desire," a dark young actor slowly strips down, kisses himself in the mirror and strokes himself while a disembodied male voice coaxes and directs him. It's a startling way to open a film — particularly a mainstream film, and not one limited to the gay porn ghetto.

That opening zinger, a film-within-the-film, is the work of Pablo (Eusebio Poncela), a popular Madrid film maker who, in the following scenes, attends the premiere of his newest film, snorts coke in the cinema rest room, and casually picks up an ambitious actor for a quickie.

Jaded, intensely private and afraid to love, Pablo wears his success like an itchy muffler, enduring the prattling attention of his fans with a weak smile. When he brings home his pickup, he instructs the man not to touch anything in his apartment. To compensate for the lack of true intimacy in his life, he creates his lovers on the pages of his screenplays. "Love absorbs me ... fascinates and repels me," Pablo tells a TV interviewer.

Pablo's relationship with Juan, a bisexual flirt, is a casual one, but when Juan takes off for the summer and writes a dispassionate letter, Pablo composes a more ardent love note to himself, and then sends it to Juan, asking him to sign it and mail it back.



**Antonio Banderas (Antonio) and Eusebio Poncela (Pablo) face off in Spanish film maker Pedro Almodovar's 'Law of Desire'**

Sexually compulsive — the film sidesteps any discussion of AIDS — Pablo goes out and picks up Antonio (Antonio Banderas), the sexually naive son of a politician. It's Antonio's first gay experience, and he falls fast and hard, attaching himself to Pablo with a crazy obsession. Eventually, he takes violent means to get what he wants.

The one decent relationship in Pablo's life is his sister, Tina (Carmen Maura), a buxom, larger-than-life actress and transsexual. As a boy, Tina had an affair with her father — he arranged her sex change during a Moroccan holiday — but has felt "condemned to solitude" and unable to love another man since. Instead, Tina supplants her romantic needs by playing stepmom to Ada (Manuela Velasco), the beautiful blonde daughter of her lesbian lover. (The latter, an icy, globe-trotting model, is played by a deep-voiced transvestite who calls himself Bibi Andersen.)



**Carmen Maura: a larger-than-life actress and transsexual**

**LAW OF DESIRE:** Spanish comedy-drama. Directed and written by Pedro Almodovar. *(Unrated. 100 minutes. In Spanish with English subtitles. At the Kabuki 8.)*

Despite its fascination with the sexual fringes, and its unapologetic depiction of a homosexual love triangle, Almodovar's script for "Desire" follows a fairly conventional, predictable route. What's new, after all, about jealousy, possessiveness and crimes of passion?

Still, "Desire" has an attractively cockeyed, deadpan way of mixing its comic, surreal and dramatic aspects — like Luis Bunuel crossed with Douglas Sirk. Almodovar introduces a whole ragout of offbeat characters and situations, yet never loses grasp of his central themes of loneliness, stifled passion and the artist's quest to compensate with his work for an unfinished, unfulfilled life.

The real bonus in "Law of Desire," however, is Carmen Maura: after playing a frumpy, pill-popping housewife in "What Have I Done to Deserve This?," she's a revelation as the complex Tina. Poured into a sexy knit minidress, tossing her long red hair behind her and bopping along in high heels, she's a cross between soft-porn queen Edy Williams and the late Italian actress Anna Magnani. Another performer might have played Tina as a trampy burlesque, a lip-smacking bawd, but Maura mixes her sexual avidity with innocence, intelligence and little-girl hurt.

In the film's best and sexiest scene, Tina strolls down a deserted street at night with Pablo and little Ada, after giving a performance in Cocteau's stage monologue, "The Human Voice." A streetcleaner turns on a hose that shoots a perfect arc of water across the street, and Tina comes blazingly alive. Jumping in front of the water, she shouts, "Don't hold back! Spray me!" and wriggles with delight as the hot hose soaks her clothes to her skin. Terrific!

# Changing Sex Requires Counseling

**KINSEY REPORT**

JUNE M. REINISCH

**DEAR DR. REINISCH: You've written before about transsexuals, but I've never seen my question answered, and most were about men who wanted to be women. I'm the opposite: a man trapped in a woman's body. Even though I've never had a regular period, usually only three a year, I'd like to stop having any at all. A friend of mine says that can be done by psychological means, that if a person doesn't feel like a real woman, it's possible to not have any periods. Is that true?**

**DEAR READER:** It is possible for psychological factors to delay or disrupt menstrual cycles, but it is generally true only in the case of strong feelings, such as anxiety or fear, or if severe stress is prolonged over a period of time (one example is imprisonment in a concentration camp).

Because you do have a uterus, ovaries and a female hormonal system, it is unlikely that your occasional menstrual flows will stop without treatment until you reach natural menopause, regardless of how strongly you feel that you are male or how often you wish that you didn't have periods.

You shouldn't convince yourself that being able to suppress menstrual flow psychologically is some sort of valid test for being a true female-to-male transsexual. Questions of gender identity are much more complicated than that and call for help that is much more complex than a simple belief in "mind over matter."

If you want to pursue transsexual treatment, you must locate a specialist who can inform you about this lengthy process, which involves surgery to remove the ovaries and uterus, and hormonal treatment to increase your level of androgens (hormones produced in higher amounts by males), and is accompanied by extensive psychological counseling.

Call the nearest medical school and ask to speak with the staff member most experienced in diagnosing and treating problems of gender identity.

*United Feature Syndicate*

**DEAR ABBY** / ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

# And Keep Your Panties On



DEAR ABBY: This is in response to the question of whether panties should be worn with pantyhose. You get a definite YES from me for a very good reason. Let me explain.

A few years ago, I was arrested for kidnaping my own daughter. I had legal custody of her at the time, but that's another story. After I was arrested, I was taken to the county jail, where I was booked and locked up. I was told there was some kind of regulation that prohibits women from having nylon stockings in jail, so they took my pantyhose away and I had no panties whatsoever! They issued me a county-assigned dress and locked me up with this dress on — and no panties.

Not that I ever expect to be arrested again, but now I always wear panties with my pantyhose.

ALABAMA MOTHER

**DEAR MOTHER: Thank you for responding to my inquiry about pantyhose. About half of the respondents said they wear panties with their pantyhose, but your reason for doing so is one of a kind. Read on for another one-of-a-kind letter on the subject:**

DEAR ABBY: May I be included in your questionnaire about pantyhose? I always wear panties over my pantyhose — and the prettier the panties the better. Panties are an important part of my wardrobe because I am a professional female impersonator. (All female impersonators wear panties over their pantyhose.) Catch my act if you're ever in New Orleans.

SHALIMAR ON BOURBON STREET

DEAR ABBY: I read your column about pantyhose and thought you might enjoy this poem I composed. You have my permission to use it.

DOROTHY MURPHY
CARROLLTON, TEXAS

PANTYHOSE

*We wrestle into pantyhose*
*That stretch across posteriors*
*And test the fit, when we pull them up*
*By looking in our mirror-ers.*
*We checked the size before we bought*
*But always seem to botch;*
*Size medium C on the purple chart*
*Sags far below the crotch!*
*So let's go back to stockings,*
*For after you have got 'em,*
*They only have to fit your legs*
*And never mind your bottom!*

**DEAR DOROTHY: You must be a new reader. About 12 years ago a woman with a "big bottom" wrote to say that she couldn't find any pantyhose to fit her. I published her letter. Then the H. Glaser & Son company, a manufacturer of pantyhose, sent me a sample of its Fat Fannie pantyhose. They were wonderful! The company is still in business at P.O. Box 702, Holliston, Mass. 01746-0005.**

**CONFIDENTIAL TO J.R. IN LEXINGTON, KY.: I agree, pornography is despicable. But censorship is worse.**

## ASK BETH

JANUARY 24, 1988/SUNDAY PUNCH

# I Like to Dress Up in Girls' Skirts and Panties

*BY BETH WINSHIP*

**DEAR BETH: I'm a 15-year-old boy with a normal interest in girls. However, I like to wear skirts and panties when I'm alone. This started when my sister stored her cheerleading outfit in my closet.**

**I'd like to tell my parents, but I don't dare. Why do I enjoy this? Will I turn gay? Should I get counseling? — Confused**

You aren't alone. Quite a few men like to wear women's clothing. Some women prefer men's, though the latter isn't much of a problem since pants for women are fashionable anyway. No one knows what causes this desire.

People who cross-dress are called "transvestites." You will not turn gay. Most transvestites aren't homosexual, although some gays do cross-dress. People don't "turn gay." Homosexuality develops early in life.

Talk to a counselor in order to come to terms with yourself and to discuss whether and how to tell your parents.

**HERB CAEN**

Monday, May 9, 1988

rant . . . Scott Reiber insists that Portland, Ore., has more drag queens per capita than any other city, which is why they sell pantyhose up there with zippers in front. This bears some checking.

DECEMBER 13, 1987/SUNDAY PUNCH

## DEAR ABBY

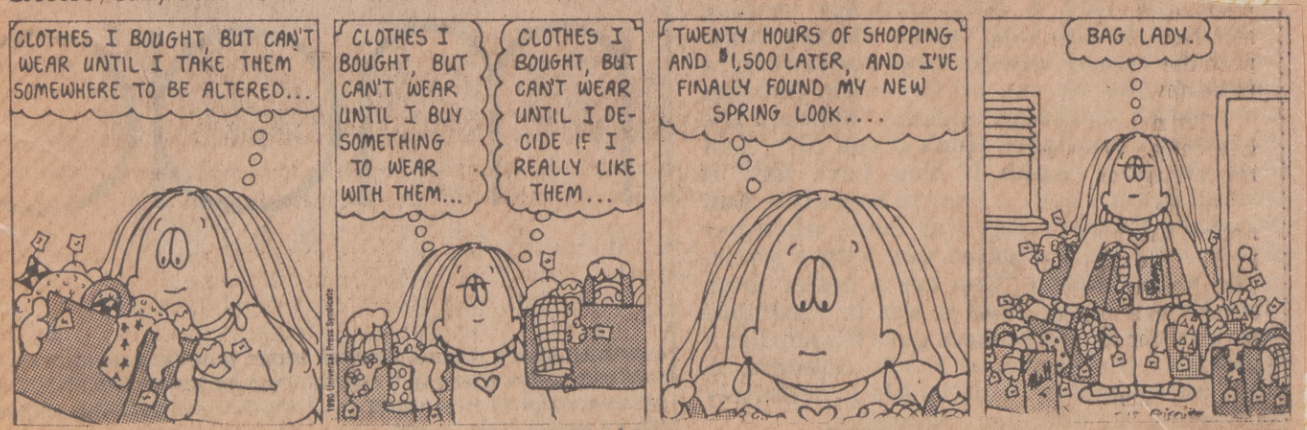
**DEAR ABBY:** Complimenting "Kathy" for her compassion and respect for animals, you wrote, "Bravo!"

Because of my Italian background and descent, I say that "Bravo" used when applied to the feminine gender is incorrect. Shouldn't you have properly used "Brava"?

— JOHN ARENA, NOVATO, CALIF.

**DEAR JOHN: Si, and bravo to you, John! And in cases where the gender is in question, why not just say, "Brav"?**

**CATHY** / Cathy Guisewite



# Seamy Comeback of Stockings and Garter Belts

## They're naughty little money-savers

**TIME OUT**

JUDY MARKEY

Guess what duo is trying to make a comeback.

Besides Jim and Tammy Faye.

Stockings and garter belts. There isn't a hosiery manufacturer in America who isn't pitching them these days. We're talking seams. We're talking lace. We're talking the full Dietrich look.

Stockings and garter belts were once a staple of every nice girl's wardrobe. Until the early '60s. And then pantyhose were born. Stockings and garter belts were rendered not only obsolete, but also obscene.

Well, if not obscene, just a tad naughty. In fact, the last time we saw them on a nice girl (and if you think about it, she wasn't all that nice) had to be around 1967 in "The Graduate." That's when Dustin Hoffman watched everybody's favorite mom, Mrs. Robinson, seductively roll down what was probably the last stocking in America.

And from then on, stockings and garter belts became tinged with something of a licentious rep. Most men considered them to be the perfect outfit for an assignation at the Carlyle Hotel. But you just didn't run into them much unless you had an annual subscription to the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog or did most of your shopping at Whips 'n' Chains R Us.

Thus, for the last 20 years, stockings have accounted for no more than about 2 percent of the hosiery market. Which is pretty perverse considering what a hostile little concept pantyhose actually are.

We won't even discuss, this being a family newspaper and all, the fact that pantyhose are more or less the chastity belts of the 20th century. One need only take note of the fact that as the number of pantyhose increased, the number of drive-in movies decreased. However, we certainly can discuss just how hostile to the individual pocketbook the little buggers are.

Consider this: According to a recent marketing report, more pantyhose are sold each year than any other wearable. The average woman buys somewhere around 16 pairs a year. This is due to the simple mathematical verity that when one leg runs, two legs are rendered useless. Defunct pantyhose absolutely litter the lingerie drawers of America. Because there is nothing, absolutely nothing useful to do with one half of a pair of pantyhose — except pull it over your face and rob the nearest convenience store.

Thus, with the return of stockings and garter belts, all sorts of nice things will no doubt come to pass . . . a major resurgence of drive-in movies could occur, the Carlyle will have full occupancy and, because when one nylon runs the other one is still good, the 7-Elevens of America will once again be safe for shopping.

North America Syndicate

SF CHRONICLE 12/1/87

*Dr. Joyce Brothers*

March 30, 1988 THE TIMES San Mateo—A9

# Androgynous rock stars have shock value appeal



**Dear Dr. Brothers: My husband gets so upset when he sees our teen-age children admiring rock stars who he says are more like "drag queens" than "real men." This doesn't especially bother me, but I can see that there's something in what my husband says. Male rock heros are certainly far from what I idolized as a young girl. I think they'd have turned me off and would've offended my big brothers. What's happening here? — P.W.**

Dear P.W.: In the past decade young people have been trying to break away from any kind of sexual stereotyping and I suppose these androgynous rock stars are appealing, partly because they shock parents, but also because they remind people that we are all part male and part female and that in healthy people there are crossovers characteristics. Perhaps they're saying, it's all right for boys to like pretty colors and even wear jewelry, just as it's fine for girls to be tomboys.

To some extent, even in the past, superstars have had a strong erotic appeal to both sexes, so this phenomenon can't be wholly explained by the sexual revolution or the women's movement. It seems to touch something that goes very deep in many people. Perhaps, when the stars prance and behave in outrageous ways, it sends the message to the young people in the audience that it's OK for them to express their own feminine or masculine side, that they don't need to continue to repress half of themselves.

BAY B.A.R. AREA REPORTER

OL. XVII NO. 50 DECEMBER 10, 1987 1528 15TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

# Cop Sues After Complaint Filed

## Transsexual Charges Brutality; Slapped with Suit at OCC Hearing

by Ray O'Loughlin

**A Tenderloin transsexual who had filed a grievance with the city's Office of Citizens Complaints against two San Francisco police officers found herself on the receiving end of a lawsuit last week. One of the officers has accused her of making a "false and malicious complaint to my employer." He is demanding a $200 settlement for "negative consequences arising from this complaint.**

Police watchdogs, however, were quick to brand the action by the officer an attempt to hamper the work of the long-embattled OCC, a civilian review board established by voters in 1982 to investigate allegations of police misconduct.

"It's outrageous," said attorney John Crew who specializes in police problems for the American Civil Liberties Union. "It seems to be a bald attempt to intimidate this complainant and others," he said.

Randy Schell, client advocate with Community United Against Violence (CUAV), called the lawsuit a "glaring example of how the system can revictimize the victim."

"I believe it is a clear message to persons who have been victims of alleged police misconduct that to file a complaint means you do so at your own risk," said Schell.

### 'FREAK'

The original incident occurred in May of this year. While walking to a corner grocery in the Tenderloin, the male-to-female transsexual was stopped by police. She was taken to Central Police Station and charged with obstructing the sidewalk and resisting arrest. She has asked that her name not be published.

She accused police of using unnecessary force, hitting her, banging her head on the hood of a car, and fastening handcuffs so tight it caused her to bleed. During her ordeal, she said, police called her "thing" and "freak" and asked "if being a transsexual meant I was still queer."

All charges against her were subsequently dropped. So, she took her case to the OCC. Then on Dec. 2, as she walked into the hearing on her complaint, one of the SFPD officers handed her a Small Claims Court lawsuit. The claim is due to be heard today (Dec. 10).

According to Crew, police officers are allowed by law to sue

(Continued on page 14)

## Cop Sues

(Continued from page 1)

people who file complaints against them. But such an action requires special circumstances. "Police can file defamation cases against complainants," said Crew, "but only if someone falsely and maliciously filed the complaint."

In this case, he said, "it's hard to conclude that the complaint was false and malicious since the OCC has invested six months looking into it and held hearings on it." Considering the OCC's workload and the relatively small number of cases it pursues, "there must be something there" for the agency to take the case this far," he said.

Schell said that this Small Claims Court suit did not even follow the rules for such an action. "This suit does not fall within the guidelines (for Small Claims). The officer made no (prior) demand on the defendant. It is erroneous and meant to further intimidate my client," he said.

Although Crew had not seen such a case in San Francisco until now, he told Bay Area Reporter that police groups across the U.S. were urging their members to file defamation suits against people who claim to have been mistreated by police.

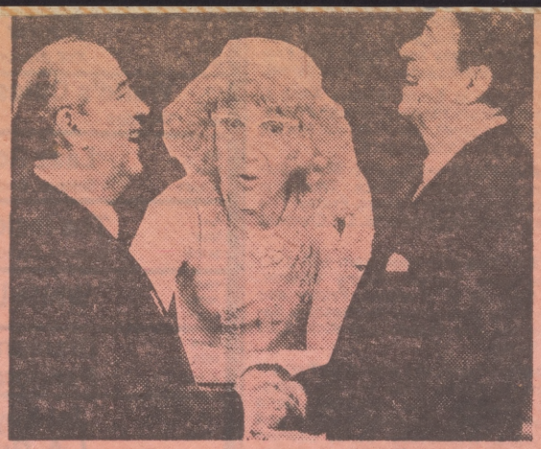
But such a tactic can boomerang on the officer. "It can leave the officer open to abuse of process suits if it is frivolous. You can be found to have liability for filing frivolous lawsuits," said Crew.

Crew also questioned what this meant in terms of SFPD policy toward the OCC. "The department and officers have never liked the OCC from its beginning. They have opposed it, obstructed it, litigated against it. But the official policy is to cooperate fully with the OCC. But I doubt this can be considered full co-operation," said Crew.

Harassment of transsexuals by police in the Tenderloin is common, according to Schell and others. They are frequently assumed to be prostitutes.

But the victim in this case wants nothing again to do with cops. "I live in fear," she says. "Everytime I see a police car coming I dodge it. If I go out, I make sure I have a companion. I won't go out alone."

Schell criticized the officer for doing more damage to his client. "To be a victim of alleged police brutality is one of the most terrifying experiences imaginable. To be sued for attempting to seek redress for your injuries heightens the fear and escalates the post-traumatic stress disorders. The conduct of the accused officers in this case can only be termed as unconscionable," he said.



She Is One Of The Boys.

Vera Carp for Mayor

"Who the heck is Vera Carp?" —Jack

"Has anyone read her book?" —Art

"Is she tough enough to make this city great?" —Roger

"She is...She is..." —Louise



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# ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I commend you for your understanding of transvestism and the balanced advice you give to millions of males who take pleasure in cross-dressing.

There is, however, one piece missing from the equation that is not likely to be recognized by most psychologists or psychiatrists. I refer to reincarnation.

I specialize in past-life regression. One example of a cross-dresser of my acquaintance was a man who, in a previous life, was a woman whose life was filled with poverty and drudgery. She had only rags to wear and was very envious of the women who had garments of beautiful silks and satins.

Being reincarnated in the form of a male gave the poor woman an opportunity to satisfy the desire for finery she was denied in her previous life.

The influence of past lives is far more important than most people realize, Ann. Cross-dressers are a perfect example of this. Please help your readers understand reincarnation. – N.R. IN SANTA MONICA

DEAR N.R.: I am not sure I understand it well enough to explain it to others. But if your explanation is correct, in a previous life I was an urchin, deprived of chocolate truffles, lemon souffle, butter cookies and banana cream pie.

Thank you for coming up with a respectable alibi for my gluttonous sweet tooth.

DEAR READERS: [illegible]

# Young Basketball Fan in Drag Is Suspended by His School

Memphis

**A 17-year-old student says he has been suspended unfairly from high school because he wore a gold dress, high heels, lipstick, a wig and earrings to a basketball game.**

"I don't skip classes. I don't talk smart to teachers. I don't think I should be suspended for what I wear," Ronald Cox said Tuesday.

But Dorsey Patterson, principal of Booker T. Washington High School, thinks differently.

Patterson said Cox caused quite a stir when he attended the school's basketball game Friday night in women's attire.

"It was very disruptive," he said. "We were up by seven points when he walked in, and after all that commotion we were down by one."

Patterson said he escorted Cox out and refunded his $2 admission.

Booker T. Washington rallied to win the game.

*United Press International*

Saturday, May 14, 1988

# ACLU Sticks Up for Chicago Painting

*Reuters*

Chicago

**The American Civil Liberties Union said yesterday that it will sue the Chicago Police Department for seizing a painting of the late Mayor Harold Washington clad in women's underwear.**

"They violated the artist's civil rights — they arrested the painting," said an ACLU spokesman, adding that the action would be filed next week.

The painting was pulled from the walls of the Art Institute of Chicago earlier this week by angry city aldermen who said it defamed the memory of the city's first black mayor, who died last year.

Police impounded the work, telling Art Institute officials it was threatening to cause a riot. Entitled "Mirth and Girth," the painting depicted a scowling and obese Washington holding a pencil and clad only in flimsy brassiere and panties.

Under pressure from the City Council, the Art Institute and its school drew up a full-page advertisement yesterday apologizing for the painting.

"It contains an apology for the distress and concern that the painting caused to the community," Art Institute spokeswoman Eileen Harakal said of the advertisement, which will run in Sunday newspapers.

The prestigious museum and school have been under fire since Wednesday, when the City Council approved a resolution threatening to cut off its subsidies if it did not take down the painting and apologize publicly.

On Thursday, members of the Art Institute's board of trustees met with city officials and issued an apology. The student artist, David Nelson, got his painting back.



BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Student's painting of the late Chicago Mayor Washington**

San Francisco Chronicle — Thursday, December 3, 1987 ★★★ A35

**DEAR ABBY** / ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

# Women Who Wear the Shorts

DEAR ABBY: Why, oh why, the double standard? Over the years women and girls have dressed in every conceivable piece of men's attire. They wear our trousers. They wear our suits. They wear our shirts. They wear our T-shirts. They wear our blue jeans, and now they are wearing our boxer shorts — outside, no less — and everyone thinks it's cute and "harmless."

Just let a boy (or man) put on a pair of panties and all the women go bonkers! They rush the poor guy off to the nearest psychiatrist for "counseling." Can you imagine the horror and furor that would ensue if a boy walked down the street with a pair of frilly panties over his jockey shorts? Half the women in town would be down to the police station trying to get him locked up. The other half would be locking their daughters in the linen closet.

Abby, maybe you can explain it. I sure can't.

PEPLEXED IN LARGO, FLA.



**DEAR PERPLEXED: Conditioning, my friend. Nearly 50 years ago, Marlene Dietrich stunned the world when she appeared in public in a tuxedo and a mannish hat. Everyone thought she looked gorgeous! (She did; she'd have looked gorgeous in anything — or nothing.)**

**But a man in a frilly negligee! No way. It's not fair. But who said life was fair?**

# HealthMatters

# Battle of the Sexes

by Carolyn Reuben

"I am Diana!" The voice is sure, forceful, clear. The woman who speaks is sitting forward in her chair, head up, eyes straight ahead. "I am here to experience wealth and power and fame. I don't like anything that is static. I am forward movement, and I get in the way of anything that makes Catherine feel encumbered. I don't want anyone who needs me!"

The same woman moves over to a second chair. Her shoulders round a bit. Her face softens. "I am Lily!" The voice, now, is sweet, gentle and subdued. "My job in Catherine is to attract people. I attract men who need me, and who are very sensitive and vulnerable. I would really prefer to sit still most of the time, and to meditate, write and work with my clients. I love to listen to people. Diana gets very impatient with people and doesn't like to listen. She would rather be *doing*."

Catherine Solange, PhD, executive director of the American Board of Psychotherapy, is demonstrating one source of many of the problems we face in achieving our goals: The male and female parts of ourselves are at war, with diametrically opposed demands. This tug-of-war goes on in men and women alike, for the unconscious of each contains aspects of both. When one of those aspects gets all our attention and respect, Solange claims, we end up being very unhappy, unfulfilled and confused.

A successful career woman may wonder, for example, why she has everything she ever wanted—except a good relationship. One woman with this complaint listened to a tape recording of the two-chair dialogue between her male and female counterparts, and exclaimed, "My God, that is the exact conversation I had with [her boyfriend] two weeks ago!" It didn't surprise Solange, who explained to the woman that her inner male thought her female self was wimpy, clinging and disgusting, too emotional and too dependent. Those were exactly her boyfriend's complaints about her, because he was, after all, an outer representation of her inner male.

A woman with an overdeveloped male side may rush up to get the right table at a restaurant—she's forever in charge. The result is that strong men, to whom the woman's female side is attracted, are turned off and turn away. The key to a balanced and happy life, which requires satisfaction both in work and in a relationship, is the ability to respond flexibly to the needs of both aspects of our inner being.

"Our culture so values doing instead of being, and going after instead of receiving, that the [therapeutic] process is often appreciating the female side and understanding the power of that rather than judging it as wimpy," Solange says. So what's to appreciate? When she sees men wearing beautiful colors, Solange says to herself, "Their female dressed them this morning." The feminine within both men and women draws others like a magnet, she suggests. The feminine is a good listener, able to receive, assimilate and express new ideas creatively and intuitively.

The unacknowledged aspect of ourselves expresses its needs in its own way, says Solange. If we aren't aware of what is going on, we may find ourselves constantly sabotaging our projects: The feminine aspect may want privacy and security, and sabotage promotion opportunities or make a fool of us when we attempt to speak in public. The solution is to respect the needs of the other, giving each its area of control. "The female gets to be president of the relationship department and the male gets to be the president of the career department, consulting each other always," says Solange with a smile.

Like any good marriage, integration of the two aspects means cooperation and concessions. Diana may agree to a steady boyfriend, but not a live-in lover. Lily may agree to eating out five days a week if she can cook at home on weekends. You can't tell where the line will be drawn. Solange even recalls a lesbian couple who left one of her workshops with a renewed interest in men.

The male and female parts of ourselves are at war, with diametrically opposed demands and this tug-of-war goes on in men and women alike, for the unconscious of each contains aspects of both

## The engineering marvels of Frederick's bra museum

# An Uplifting Experience

*BY DEWEY WEBB*

They lift! They separate! They cup, they cradle and they caress! Peekaboo! And welcome to the Frederick's of Hollywood Bra Museum.

If the Smithsonian Institution is America's attic, then the Frederick's museum is clearly its underwear drawer. Designed as a 40th-anniversary salute to the company and housed inside its flagship store on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, the display offers up 40 honorable unmentionables from the history of America's most famous purveyor of provocative underwear.

In Frederick's sizzling scheme of things, few items were more provocative, and none more profitable, than its famous bras — marvels of engineering and upholstery that were guaranteed to turn any woman's chest into a reasonable facsimile of Mount Rushmore.

Ruth Frolove, the unofficial curator of the museum, has been buying bras for the Frederick's chain for 22 years and confesses that she has taken her share of ribbing about her job.

"My friends always say, 'It's two cups, two straps, and it either hooks in the front or the back. What's the big thing?' But it is a big thing," she insists.

Well, maybe not *quite* as big a thing as it used to be. Frolove admits that the old bullet bra of yore, the black-and-red contraption that made its owner's bosom resemble a couple of heat-seeking missiles, has been shot down in recent years by pastel models of a more natural bent. Nevertheless, bras still accounted for a third of the $50 million in retail sales rung up by the chain's 140 stores last year.

And contrary to the impression conveyed by four decades of Frederick's advertising — which seemed to suggest that the store catered exclusively to burlesque queens, or, more likely, hormonally frenzied housewives who fancied themselves burlesque queens — Frolove maintains that the company's bras are now equally at home in the boardroom and in the boudoir.

Frederick's bras have been getting a rise out of people since 1946. That's the year Fred Mellinger, an underwear buyer for a New York mail-order house, began redefining the contours of Hollywood with his own pneumatic vision of American womanhood.

Although the company now sells everything from stiletto heels to edible panties (marketed in his 'n' her gift sets under the name "Gourmet Briefs"), the bra has always been the foundation of Frederick's.




According to Frolove, Mellinger found his life's vocation during a World War II Army stint, when the other guys in the barracks would talk about why their wives and girlfriends failed to measure up to the pinup dolls of the day.

For Mellinger's answer to that puzzler, one need look no further than the Frederick's museum. There you'll see the 1970s "Bird Cage" bra ("How he'll long to set you free!") and "Depth Charge," one of the lethal-looking attractions in the "Missiles and Sno Cones " display.

Although Mellinger has long since retired, his mammary-minded marketing style is obvious in the campy slogans culled from the company's advertising archives: "Came in looking like a Chevy and left looking like a Cadillac," reads a vintage Frederickism that accompanies a bra from the '60s.

In another showcase, the mustachioed bra baron quips, 'You'll never sue me for nonsupport."

Corny as they were, these slogans were an integral part of one of the sauciest — and most successful — ad campaigns to ever grace a confession magazine or a mail-order catalog.




PHOTOS BY JON GIPE/NEW TIMES

**To Frederick's of Hollywood buyer Ruth Frolove, bras are still 'a big thing,' though not quite as big as they were when founder Fred Mellinger (pictured at left) touted some of his early aerodynamic designs**

In its heyday, the Frederick's catalog was the next best thing to reading Playboy. These days, the ads don't pack quite the same wallop they once did. And that, says Frolove, is part of the rationale behind the bra museum.

"We wanted to share with the world that fashions not only change in clothing, in automobiles or even houses — they change in bras, too."

She points to one bra — a torpedo-tipped model from the Jayne Mansfield era. "Now this is a very contoured look, a very rigid look — this is *projection*. Today, ladies want to look softer."

Recalling the braless look popular in the early '70s, Frolove laughs. "Many's the time I'd go out to lunch and see these women walking around bumpity-bumpity-bump and I'd think, 'Oh God! There goes my business!' " says Frolove. "But in those years when women were, quote, burning their bras, our business was right on top."

Were anyone to set fire to a Frederick's bra, they'd run a strong risk of being arrested for burning rubber: Foam-enhanced models account for 60 percent of the company's bra sales.

Because she approaches her bras with such seriousness, Frolove blows her cool when someone dares to suggest that she's working in a den of sartorial iniquity.

When a caller to a radio talk show referred to her bread and butter as "trashy lingerie," Frolove demanded to know what he meant by "trashy."

" 'Well,' he said, 'you have those black bras and those black bikinis.' Still rankled from the slur, Frolove takes a deep breath. "Where was this man from? Oshkosh, Kansas? Come on, this is 1988! Now I ask you, does wearing black underwear make you trashy?" In the minds of many, yes — especially if those undergarments happen to be crotchless or open-tipped and are marketed under names like "Riot Squad" or "The Living End."

Realizing this, the company has attempted to establish a more refined image during the past few years.

"We did not want to be perceived as sleazy, and there were times when people thought we went over that line," says Ellen Appel, a publicist who helped coordinate the bra museum project. "We got rid of all the items in the catalog that were considered tasteless."

Like the "Body Liqueurs," the company's line of fruit-flavored body gels, for instance?

"Uh, no — we still sell that," Appel admits with an uneasy smile. "There ARE some things that are fun . . . and we don't ever want to NOT be a fun company."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1988
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The Living Arts

The New York Times

# Of Corsets and Such for Her Majesty and Ladies of Her Ilk

By GEORGIA DULLEA

June S. Kenton, corsetiere to Queen Elizabeth II, has arrived from London for a fortnight of fittings in New York, a metropolis teeming with women wearing the wrong brassieres. They should not be faulted, however, as roughly 75 percent of the world's bras do not really fit their wearers. This is an industry estimate that Mrs. Kenton has vowed to change.

Accordingly, the 50-year-old corsetiere was in Henri Bendel's lingerie department last week, taking tea with customers and presiding over the fitting rooms. "Treat yourself to a proper bra," her voice floated down the aisle. "Do treat yourself."

Today the scene shifts to Bloomingdale's, where she will conduct fittings through Friday. Both stores are introducing ready-made undergarments from Rigby & Peller in London, where Mrs. Kenton and her husband, Harold, are co-directors. Mr. Kenton has been showing the line to stores on the West Coast. The labels on their garments bear the royal insignia and the inscription, "By appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II."

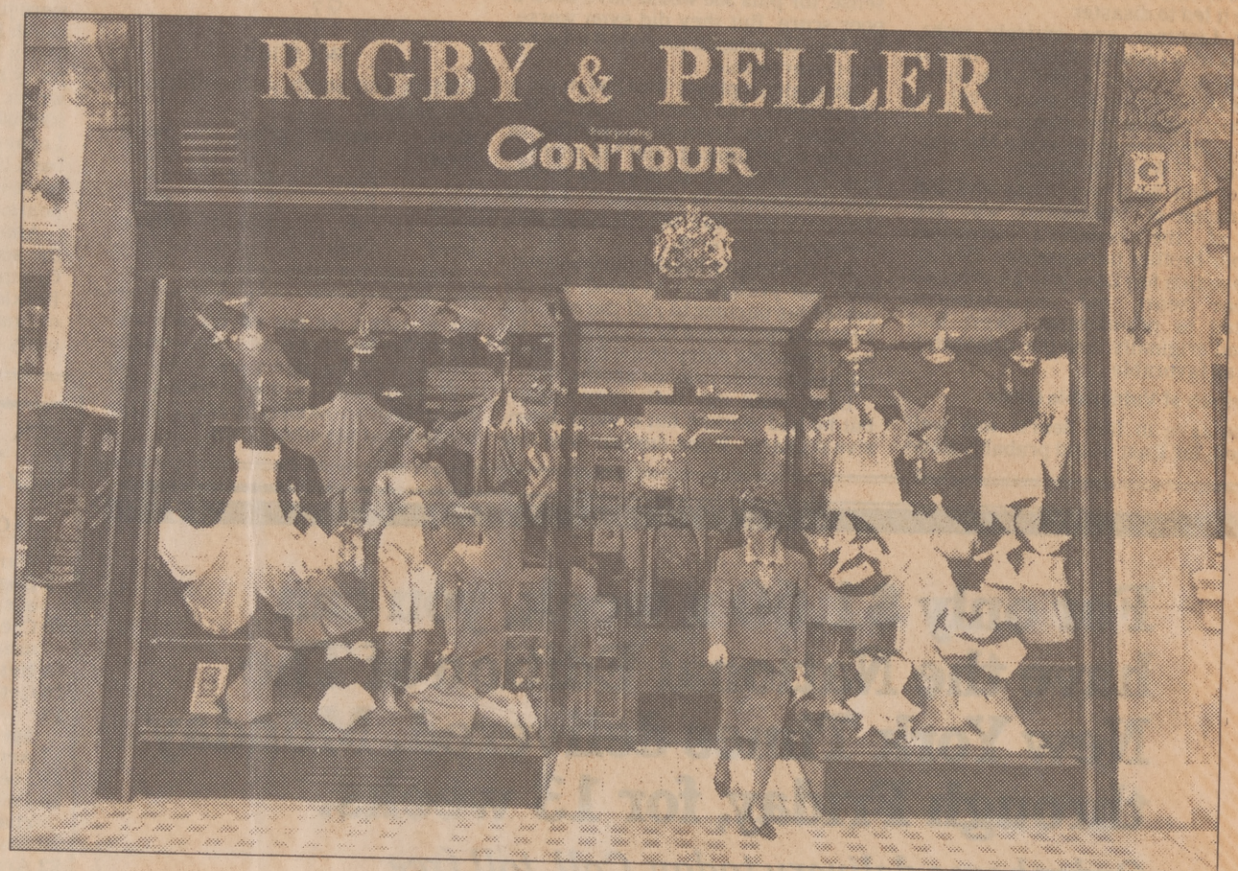
**Personal and Confidential**

"We're the only one with the royal warrant in the bra," Mrs. Kenton said at Bendel's this past Friday. "Quite honestly, it is a great honor because mine is as personal a royal appointment as one can get."

Her remarks were addressed to a woman being hooked into a waist cincher and matching bra. Staring into a mirror, the woman wondered aloud whether undergarments like those she was being fitted for could be found in a lingerie collection at, say, Buckingham Palace.

"I *never* discuss what the Queen wears," the corsetiere replied. She was no less circumspect about the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other royalty who fancy her made-to-measure undergarments.

*Continued on Page B9*




The London shop of Rigby & Peller, corsetieres to Queen Elizabeth II.

The New York Times/Jonathan Player

# The Queen's Corsets And Such

*Continued From Page B1*

"Princess Di?" the woman in the waist cincher persisted. But the royal corsetiere seemed not to have heard.

As for the waist cincher and bra, done in a white cotton with a country print and trimmed in ribbons, they cost $720 and $570 respectively. The price was dear, it was acknowledged, but here was underwear that could double as outerwear when worn with a long skirt or dinner suit. Moreover, the royal warrant guaranteed the garments' worth as "valuable antiques."

The woman thought not.

Later, when the fitting rooms were quiet, Mrs. Kenton wandered out front where her line of dainty bras and briefs sat plumped up in baskets, amid flowers and bowls of potpourri. She took a seat beside the tea cart. A maid in a fussy uniform proffered her a cup of Earl Grey. She smiled and said it was almost like being home at Rigby & Peller. Hers is the last made-to-measure corsetry left in Great Britain, she said. She still keeps on file the patterns of hundreds of customers. Yet much has changed.

**A Change in Sizes**

About 30 years ago, when Mrs. Kenton began working at her father's shop in London, the average bra size was 34B. Then came the birth control pill, healthier eating patterns and the exercise boom. As a result, the average size has advanced to 36B, she said, adding that the correct size is probably 34C or D.

"The bra doesn't fit, so they buy the next size," she said, shaking her head. "But they haven't gotten bigger around the back, they've gotten fuller in the cup. In actual fact, they should go down a size and up a cup."

WEEKLY WORLD NEWS, January 19, 1988

# Masher makes a big mistake

**A welder tried to sexually molest a strapping blonde he met in an alley — and found out to his surprise that the victim was a man dressed as a woman, cops say!**

## *Blonde beauty he attacked was a wig-wearing guy, say cops*

Stephen Flockton, 22, of Exeter, England, asked his victim for a kiss and when the curvy blonde refused, dragged her kicking and screaming into a graveyard, cops say.

"The only thing which prevents this case being an actual indecent assault on a woman is that the victim was, in fact, a man," said prosecutor Martin Edmunds. The blonde, Ron Hollingshead, appeared in court in a skirt and blouse. He said he tried to fight off the sex attack but couldn't.

Ron has dressed as a woman for eight years in preparation for a sex-change operation.

Flockton was charged with attempted indecent assault and causing actual bodily harm. He pleaded innocent and is now on trial.

# THE GRAB BAG



WHAT CAN a woman do to develop her bustline? Hippocrates advised small-busted women to sing. Loudly. At every opportunity.

## Bizarre newlyweds are starting their family

# Gal-turned-guy is going to be new daddy!



CARL Andersson when he was a woman named Carol.

**Carl Andersson will go down in history — as the first female-to-male transsexual ever to become a daddy!**

By SUSAN JIMISON

The sex-swap hubby and his wife Diane were given the official go-ahead to make a baby by artificial insemination, and now they're anxiously awaiting the blessed event in London.

The happy British pair, who were featured in *The NEWS* after their January wedding, say they can't wait to have their first child and begin building their family.

"I've been on male hormone treatment since last year and very soon I will have major plastic surgery to make me a complete man," said Carl. "But I won't be able to actually father a baby so we opted for artificial insemination.

"It will make us just like any other newlywed couple expecting their first child."

Carl and his loving wife were roommates before they fell in love. Carl — then Carol — had felt like a man trapped in a woman's body all his life, but had never confessed his inner torment.

Finally he broke down and told Diane. Shortly afterward, they realized they'd fallen in love.

The couple were married in a special ceremony with their families present and from the beginning of their wedded bliss they knew they wanted children.

"I can't wait to have my baby," confessed Diane "I used to be not at all motherly, but once Carl and I settled into our own little home, all that seemed to change.

"Now I'm really into motherhood.

"I'll probably give up working and I shall certainly breastfeed my baby."

When the Anderssons' bundle of joy arrives, they hope he will look just like his dad. The fertility clinic will try to match Carl's eye color and body type to make as close a match as possible.

"But apart from it looking enough like us for it not to get asked awkward questions as it grows up," Carl said, "we don't really care. We're both just too thrilled to have the chance to be parents at all!

"And one day, when our child is old enough to understand, I shall explain all about us and about my sex-change operation. It's only fair."



SEX-CHANGE dad-to-be Carl Andersson and his bride Diane.

## Transsexual and his bride happily wait for the arrival of the stork

WEEKLY WORLD NEWS, December 15, 1987

# Boys wear make-up, dresses to learn about stereotyping



Times/Eric Rahkonen

**KEVIN ABEGG**, 19, of Martinez gasps as his too-tight dress is zipped.

**By Anne Burke**
Staff writer

Boys will be boys, even when forced to dress like girls to learn to be better men.

Kevin Abegg, 19, wore a red, satiny dress, but that didn't stop him from sitting with his legs wide apart.

Abegg was one of about 25 young people from a Walnut Creek Presbyterian Church youth group who "cross-dressed" Wednesday evening in a playful look at sexual stereotyping and chauvinism.

"I'll never look at a beauty pageant the same way," sighed Tom Juetten, 16, wearing toilet-tissue breasts inside an ill-fitting prom dress.

All-girl makeup crews — wearing baseball caps, business suits and faded jeans — gussied up the guys, who sat stoically as the amateur cosmetologists hovered over them.

Mindy Satre, 17, and Kelly Jonas, 14, applied "Pink-a-Boo" shadow to Abegg's eyelids and spiked his blond hair with styling mousse.

"Don't sit like that. It's not feminine," one girl scolded.

"All guys should be forced to do this," Abegg groaned, as someone lunged at his hair with an open-jawed curling iron and another threatened to pluck his eyebrows.

Abegg's make-over team stood back to admire their handiwork. "Look at those nice cheekbones," said Satre, sighing.

The scene looked like a casting call for "La Cage Aux Folles" when Abegg stood alongside the other female impersonators, vamping it up with come-hither looks and swinging hips.

When the whistles died down, 27-year-old Jim King, the youth group leader, talked about the exercise — a hyperbolic explanation of why men should take traditionally female characteristics, and vice versa.

"Men are supposed to be too strong, level-headed, independent. Women are supposed to be too emotional, too sensitive," King said.

"We need to find something in the middle."

King drove home the point by showing a scene from the movie "Tootsie" — one of Hollywood's most popular role-reversal films — in which the newly unfrocked Dustin Hoffman character confides to the Jessica Lange soap opera star:

"I was a better man with you as a woman than I ever was with a woman as a man."

The character adds,"I just need to learn to do it without the dress."

The degree of sexual stereotyping among teenagers is difficult to determine, but there's a lot less than there used to be, said Marshall King, a counselor at Mt. Diablo High School.

Teen-agers "seem to be a lot more flexible, as far as roles. Programs are all coeducational — even physical education. When I was in high school the boys had certain clubs, and the girls had certain clubs. That's all gone now," King said.

At Ygnacio Valley High School, many students learned about their gender biases when boys joined an all-girl cheerleading squad last year.

"A lot of the guys made fun of them, but they just wished they had enough guts to do it," said Randy Rice, a sophomore whose brother, Mike, was one of the cheerleaders.

As the year wore on, students adjusted to the idea and many critics were silenced, said 10th-grader Yongson Kim.

When the laughter died down Wednesday at Walnut Creek Presbyterian Church, Juetten allowed that the lesson hadn't been wasted on him.

"It takes more guts to be sensitive and caring about other people than it does to be uncaring and callous," he said.



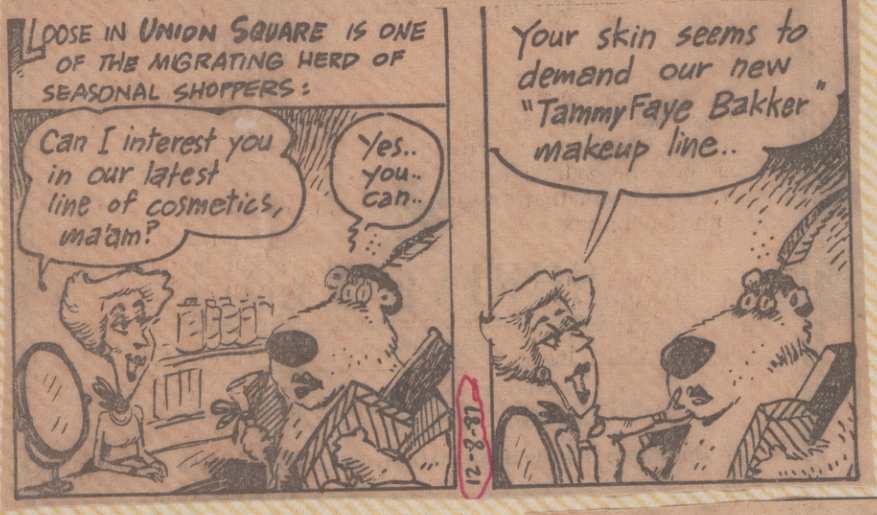
**HEIDY BILLETER**, 17, of Lafayette applies mascara to Matt Herren, 16, also of Lafayette.



PHOTOS BY DEANNE FITZMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

**Tommi Rose applied makeup backstage at Sutter's Mill for the 'Puttin' on the Glitz' show**

**FARLEY** / Phil Frank






## 'Glitz' Luring Drag-Lovers

# Finocchio's Has a Rival

*By Michael McCabe*
*Chronicle Staff Writer*

**During its half-century of presenting men prancing around in women's clothes, Finocchio's has become a San Francisco institution, of sorts.**

But the grande dame of drag-queen entertainment is struggling to keep up appearances, according to the upstart competitors who run Sutter's Mill, a gay bar in the Financial District.

Sutter's Mill has begun soliciting the straight crowd to its new female-impersonator show, Puttin' on the Glitz — and it's batting its eyes at Finocchio's customers.

Recently, Sutter's Mill managed to woo Gray Line tour buses away from Finocchio's, a coup that means that thousands of folks from places like Corncob, Iowa, will be delivered directly into the arms of Sutter's Mill rather than Finocchio's.

Eve Finocchio, whose late husband, Joseph, opened the club almost 52 years ago, shrugged off the Gray Line switch as much ado about nothing.

"Listen honey," she told a reporter pointedly, "if we had to survive on Gray Line we never would have lasted this long.

"I'm not mad at Gray Line — kind of surprised, but not mad. We got a letter from Gray Line saying they were going to an alternate club and would bring any overflow to our place, but I said forget it."

Mrs. Finocchio said business is good and the future looks "very bright" for the landmark on Broadway.

Gray Line's president, Bob Werbe, said the decision to drop Finocchio's for Sutter's Mill was difficult. He said he was invited to take a look at the Glitz show by its director, Carl Berry, shortly after it opened February 5. Werbe went reluctantly, he said, prepared not to like it. But he liked it.

"It was a wrenching experience when you've been in business with them (Finocchio's) for 35 years," Werbe said. "But I just think 'Puttin' on the Glitz' is a far superior show."

Sutter's Mill, which bills itself as a "historical landmark in San Francisco for the three-piece-suit gay set," closes down its bar when the first show starts in the next room at 9 p.m.



**Tommi Rose emceed the 'mini-Las Vegas act'**

"I hope we aren't killing Finocchio's," Berry said. "We want both shows in town. But we have a younger cast, better costumes, better lighting — it's a mini-Las Vegas show."

Harry Azevedo, one of the co-owners of Sutter's Mill, said the casts of both have seen each others' show and that there is no animosity between the female impersonators.

But Mrs. Finocchio dismissed the Sutter's Mill act as a poor imitation.

"Our people actually sing the songs live, you know," she said. "The 'Glitz' show is totally lip-synching. We got the real thing, honey."

SF CHRONICLE 12/6/87

# Under the Underwear Ads

*The bare facts*
**ANDY ROONEY**

For many years, before people had clothes dryers in their basements, every young boy's knowledge of what women wore under their dresses was formed by what he saw hanging from clotheslines in back yards.

It was a more realistic picture of the truth than what a young boy sees today. When underwear was hung out to dry, Sears, Roebuck was advertising women's underwear in its catalog to show how warm and practical underwear was.

The women modeling the undergarments were not all built like Marilyn Monroe, and there was nothing about the ads that would cause readers to linger over them if they weren't in the market for the product. Somewhere along the line, something went wrong. If the ads carried in the slick women's magazines today were printed in *Playboy*, someone would be trying to ban them from the newsstands.

Perfectly respectable people, who wouldn't dream of having pictures of mostly naked women around the house, have these magazines right on the living room coffee tables where everyone can see them. I'm not complaining, mind you, just commenting. The underwear ads are sexier and more provocative because the women in the ads look like intelligent, likable women. They don't look like the tough, been-around broads who appear naked for the men's magazines.

Even though the women in the underwear ads look prim and proper, it is apparently difficult to get nice women to do this kind of posing. As an inducement to get them to do it, the ones who stand there having their pictures taken in underwear are paid more than the ones who are pictured fully clothed.

My question is this, though: Does the average woman really imagine that she'll look like the women in the ads if she buys the underwear they're selling? Under the underwear, the women in the ads have one-in-a-million, near-perfect bodies. I should think the average woman would feel terrible every time she looked at an underwear ad. How is she ever going to live up to the image?

You could say the average man might feel the same inadequacy when he looks at the unnaturally handsome dog in the shirt ad, but at least the man in the shirt ad has his clothes on. To do some research, I went to the library to leaf through the magazines that carry ads for women's underwear. A trendy magazine called *Working Woman* has pictures of young women so scantily dressed you'd think NOW, the National Organization for Women, would object to the models being associated with working women.

You wonder what their work is. I couldn't help noting, too, that the less women's underwear covers, the more it costs.

Magazines such as *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue* have underwear and outerwear ads on adjacent pages. Of course, some of the underwear is so elaborate, and some of the outerwear so skimpy, that it's hard for a man looking at these pictures to know which is which.

What often appears to be a nightgown turns out to be an evening dress and vice versa. ■



# Science corrects Mother Nature's mistake

# Little girl was really a boy, so docs made things right

By SUSAN JIMISON

**Richard and Maureen gave birth to a girl, but they're raising a boy — after doctors discovered their baby was more male than female and gave the tot sex-change injections.**

The toddler, now nearly 2, looks like any other little boy. But when he was born, doctors recommended he be treated like a girl because he suffered from physical problems making his gender difficult to determine.

"When we got the tests back, it was obvious our baby was a boy because he had more male hormones," said Maureen, whose last name has not been released to the press. "But he told us we had to pretend it was a girl.

"The doctor said it would be cruel to raise the baby as a boy because he wouldn't have a penis. He said surgery would turn it into a perfect female."

Maureen and her husband took their baby home to a small country town in Australia. They dressed him and treated him as a daughter. He was given the name Melanie.

Months later, the couple returned with their child for surgery to turn him into a girl.

"Melanie was to have an operation to create a vagina," Maureen said.

"But I wasn't really happy about it.

"I felt strange knowing that Melanie was really a boy.

"I even felt guilty dressing my baby in pink dresses."

Further testing in Sydney revealed that baby Melanie was missing the vital male hormone which governed growth of the penis.

Doctors convinced the baby's family to let them try a course of injections which might stimulate the development of a male sex organ.

"I wanted to try because I had nothing to lose," said Maureen. "And after a few injections, a penis started to grow.

"It was very difficult telling people that our baby girl was now a boy. Two weeks later, I had to tell everyone that Melanie was now Nicholas.

"We knew Nicholas was a boy but no one else did. Everyone was sympathetic, but they just couldn't comprehend."



Today, Nicholas, a happy toddler, has several other operations ahead of him to make him look like a normal boy.

And doctors still don't know if he'll be able to father children.

But the confusion is over. Nicholas is all boy from the inside out now — and his parents are convinced he'll grow up to be a completely normal man.

**NICHOLAS was the victim of a cruel twist of fate but he's now living a normal, happy life thanks to sex-change treatment.**

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1988

NEW YORK POST

*Founded by Alexander Hamilton in 1801*

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# All dressed up, nowhere to go

At one level, the news that tens of thousands of tax dollars are being used to promote transvestism and related "offbeat" behavior is sort of funny — and not all that surprising.

In New York State, after all, no opportunity to spend public money — however wacky — is rejected out of hand.

This particular effort — part of a $100,000 expenditure by the state Council on the Arts to promote homosexuality and lesbianism — is sponsored by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force for Human Dignity.

Some $7200 was set aside for a photo exhibit and brochure intended to capture for posterity "the intimate moments" of various transvestites.

Photographer Mariette Allen says the point is to "educate and encourage the public to accept ... cross-dressing by men."

This doesn't seen like the sort of project that would command a lot of popular support in New York, even if weren't for the fact that the April 15 tax deadline is rapidly approaching.

True, the sum involved isn't vast— but given all the pressure on the state budget, Albany surely could have invested even $7200 quite a bit more wisely.

In fact, it would have been wiser — from a public morals standpoint — to burn the money.

The people of New York don't want to be "educated to accept cross-dressing by men."

Ms. Allen, of course, is perfectly entitled to the view that wider acceptance of transvestism would be good for society. People think all sorts of things.

But what's going on at the state Council for the Arts?

What sort of a moral vacuum obtains there? How is it that folks entrusted with handing out public funds have no problem with giving a psychological disorder — and yes, Virginia, transvestism is a psychological disorder — the imprimatur of the State of New York?

At a broader level, who is it at the council that thinks the promotion of homosexuality and lesbianism is in the public interest?

What next? A state-sponsored ode to the North America Man-Boy Love Assn.?

Gov. Cuomo and legislative leaders have promised an investigation. Answers should soon be forthcoming.

But whatever went wrong in this particular case, there's an overriding point: the council must be made to understand that when public dollars are spent, society's moral standards apply.

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1988

# CELEB CALLED ON CARPET OVER GAY AID

ALBANY — State Council on the Arts bosses Kitty Carlisle Hart and Mary Hays yesterday were summoned to the Capitol to explain why the panel is bankrolling groups promoting transvestism and homosexuality.

The order — to appear next Wednesday — came from the powerful chairmen of the state Legislature's arts committees following yesterday's exclusive report in The Post.

By **FREDRIC DICKER**, *State Political Editor*

The committees have the power to recommend cuts in the council's budget.

"I was shocked by the Post report and we want some answers," said Assembly Tourism and Arts Committee chairman Matthew Murphy, a Niagara County Democrat.

Senate Arts Committee chairman Tarkey Lombardi (R-Syracuse) said he and Murphy would hold a joint committee session with Hart, the council's chairman, and Hays, its executive director.

Also yesterday, Gov. Cuomo's director of state operations, Henrik Dullea, told the council and Hart to prepare a justification of the spending programs for the governor.

Meanwhile, The Post also has learned that the Arts Council has been using tax money to subsidize a pro-Sandinista film, an anti-landlord tenants group and an anti-apartheid "newspaper" committed to being "an active social force."

Those programs are among dozens of activist, left-of-center or homosexual-oriented projects given cash awards annually by the council, official records show.

No council money is going to help the cause of Nicaragua's anti-Sandinista contras.

Council officials have repeatedly denied The Post access to documents explaining why the controversial projects got council money.

This year the council gave Video Repetorie Ltd. of Manhattan a $20,000 grant to help complete a motion picture on the life of Omar Cabezas, a leader of the Marxist Sandinistas.

The grant application says Cabezas represents "a generation struggling for freedom and dignity."

It also says the film will show how the Sandinistas "are confronting the ever-present threat of the continuing U.S.-backed war against their fledgling revolution."

Meanwhile, the Arts Council has awarded $10,000 to the Manhattan-based Assn. for Neighborhood and Housing Development, a well-known tenants' advocate group.

The money was given to "improve New York City's planning, politics and programs for meeting the housing and neighborhood needs of poor, working and minority New Yorkers," according to the grant proposal.

However, ANHD does not have any legal power to improve the city's planning efforts.

"We're an unusual grantee because we do housing advocacy and housing work," conceded ANHD executive director Bonnie Brower.

"This group has nothing to do with the arts. I can't believe it and I'm shocked," said John Gilbert, head of the pro-landlord Rent Stabilization Assn., when told of the council grant.

*(Chris McKenna contributed to this report.)*

# Former Vietnam Navy Pilot Becomes an Episcopal Nun

*United Press International*

San Clemente

**A former Navy pilot in Vietnam who underwent a sex-change operation began a new chapter in her life yesterday — as an Episcopalian nun.**

Sister Mary Elizabeth Clark, formerly Joanna Michelle Clark, and before that Michael Clark, took the veil and the vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience during a candlelight service Wednesday night at St. Clement's By-the-Sea Episcopal Church.

"I've felt close to God since I was 8 years old. I just felt through the wrong body," said Clark, 49, who became a woman in 1975.

## Her Own Order

To become a nun, after being rejected by sisterhoods all over the nation, Clark had to form her own order, which will not be recognized by the Episcopal Church until it has six sisters who have taken a vow of celibacy.

Clark said that could take a decade.

In the meantime, Clark, who flew patrol missions in Vietnam, married twice and fathered a son before her sex-change operations, said she will continue counseling "people who have inner conflicts" with their gender.

For the past 10 years, Clark has run what she calls the only international referral service for the gender-conflicted. She said the group numbers more than 100,000 worldwide.

The most recent of her two appearances on the "Donahue" television talk show, she said, generated more than 1,000 letters from men and women who said they felt sexually trapped in their bodies.

"Most of these people have been rejected by their families and their churches," Clark said, noting that she provides counseling on the telephone and through the mail to about 80 people a week. "All they know is rejection."



BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

**'I've felt close to God since I was 8 . . . I just felt through the wrong body,' said Sister Mary Elizabeth Clark, formerly Michael Clark**

## Finding Acceptance

In conservative Orange County, Clark said she found acceptance at St. Clement's By-the-Sea, a 260-member "loving Christian parish in which people live by the gospel and love one another."

Clark said she did not think the traditional church's support of her work for the gender-conflicted constituted a radical departure.

"I don't look at it that way," she said. "Some people have spina bifida, others are born with club feet or a cleft lip and nobody thinks that's radical. Most research shows gender conflict is a prenatal condition."

The Rev. Robert Boyer likened Clark to St. Francis and St. Benedict, both of whom started their own orders.

"They were doubted, laughed at, told it was a waste of time," Boyer told the Orange County Register. "And yet they persevered."

## Navy Experience

Clark served in the Navy for 12 years, receiving an honorable discharge in 1969 after rising to the rank of chief petty officer and flying patrol missions off the coast of Vietnam, looking for enemy arms being shipped into the country.

In 1975, Clark underwent a sex-change operation at the Baptist Medical Center in Oklahoma.

"When I woke up from the anesthetic, it was like the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders," she said.

As Joanna Michelle Clark, she enlisted in the Army Reserves in 1975 but was dismissed 22 months later after top brass became aware of her sex change. She sued and was awarded a $25,000 settlement and an honorable discharge.

Military officials said she is believed to be the only person to have served as both a man and a woman.

BY CHARLOTTE OBSERVER

the big storm SF Chron 1/9/88

# Bishop Says Transsexual Isn't a Nun

*United Press International*

Los Angeles

**The acting bishop of the Los Angeles Episcopal Diocese has repudiated a church ceremony in which a transsexual took the vows of a nun and the name Sister Mary Elizabeth.**

Bishop Oliver Garner Jr., whose six-county diocese includes the San Clemente parish in which former Navy radar technician Michael Clark took the vows Wednesday night, said the matter was never referred to him.

The Episcopal Church has several orders of nuns and brothers and canon law requires the approval of one or more bishops, Garner said.

"From what little checking we've been able to do, we haven't been able to find any other bishop who can acknowledge having been in contact with the lady, or with the priest," Garner said.

Sister Mary Elizabeth Clark, who went by the name Joanna Michelle Clark before taking her vows, said she had been rejected by sisterhoods nationwide before the Rev. Robert Boyer, pastor of the St. Clement's by-the-Sea Episcopal Church, conducted the ceremony.

"I really had not thought through the full implications of what I was doing," said Boyer, who presided over the candlelight ceremony.

Clark, 49, said she had a sex-change operation in 1975 in Oklahoma after flying on patrol missions in Vietnam as a Navy chief petty officer, marrying twice and fathering a son, now 27. A wire service report in yesterday's Chronicle incorrectly said that Clark had been a Navy pilot.

# Man-turned-woman takes vows to be a nun

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Michael Clark had two very strong desires during his boyhood; a call to religion and a yearning to be female. Both dreams now have been fulfilled.

During a candlelight ceremony Wednesday night at St. Clement's By-the-Sea Episcopal Church in San Clemente, the former Michael Clark became Sister Mary Elizabeth after taking vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience.

The 190-pound, 6-foot-1-inch woman wore a blue-and-white habit she designed and white chrysanthemums in her hair.

"I knelt down and said that I wanted to serve God Almighty and live by his rules," she said Thursday.

It's been a long, strange journey for the former Navy man who flew bombing missions in

*See NUN, Page 14A*

FRIDAY
1/8/88

# Former man has taken vows as a nun

*NUN, from Page 1A*

Vietnam and fathered a son before undergoing a sex change operation at Stanford University in 1975.

"My earliest memory was at 2 or 3 years of age. I felt I was female," Clark, 49, said from her parents' home in San Juan Capistrano, a seaside community 60 miles southeast of Los Angeles.

"I was born male anatomically but female gendered. When your family and peers tell you you're a boy, you don't run and say, 'No way.' You go out and live your life and accept it," she said.

So Michael lived a boy's life and served in the Navy for 12 years. As a chief petty officer, Clark flew in P-3 Orions during bombing missions in Vietnam. If there's anything Clark enjoyed from that former life, she said, was tearing through the skies in the powerful Navy planes.

"My life's journey has taken me to some interesting places," she said.

She is believed to be the only person to have served in the U.S. military as both a man and woman and the only person to change gender who has taken religious vows.

Clark was married for 11 years, then married again for 16 months and fathered a son, now 27, whom Clark hasn't seen since the child was 11.

After his Vietnam stint, Clark enrolled in Stanford's sex-change program and after a year of counseling, underwent the surgery in 1975 that transformed him from Michael Clark to Joanna Michelle Clark.

She re-enlisted in the military, this time joining the Army reserve. She served for 22 months before her secret was discovered. She later won a $25,000 settlement when the Army tried to dismiss her.

With her career gone, it was time to pursue another calling. The one to religion.

"I felt called when I was 8 years old. It was something that I thought would never happen," she said.

She said she always dreamed of being a sister and not a priest during her youth. She was raised Catholic, but found no acceptance by Catholics or Episcopalians during a year-long attempt to become a nun.

On Wednesday, the congregation at St. Clement's accepted her, even though the Episcopal Church has yet to approve her sisterhood.

The new religious order she founded is named the Community of St. Elizabeth, after a German woman who was canonized for hospital works. She hopes to attract more sisters to her order, which will help "any human being in need, regardless of sex and status."

Sister Mary Elizabeth said she wants to offer the disadvantaged the same kind of unconditional love her parents, Edwin and Roberta, offered her throughout her unconventional life.

"You couldn't ask for more wonderful parents. They're loving and supportive. They've reached out with unconditional love," she said.

She said she feels wonderful now, but is concerned that others do not.

"A lot of people out there have not received any love at all," she said. "I hope that our community can offer help and love to these people, whether they're gender-conflicted, homeless or whatever problem they might have."

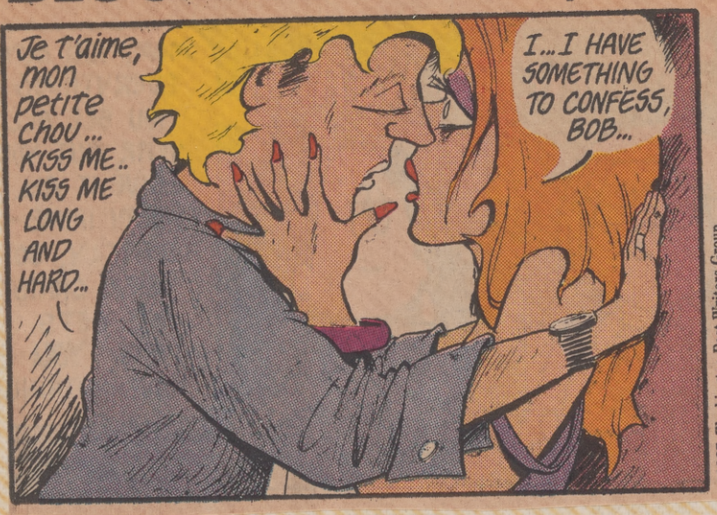


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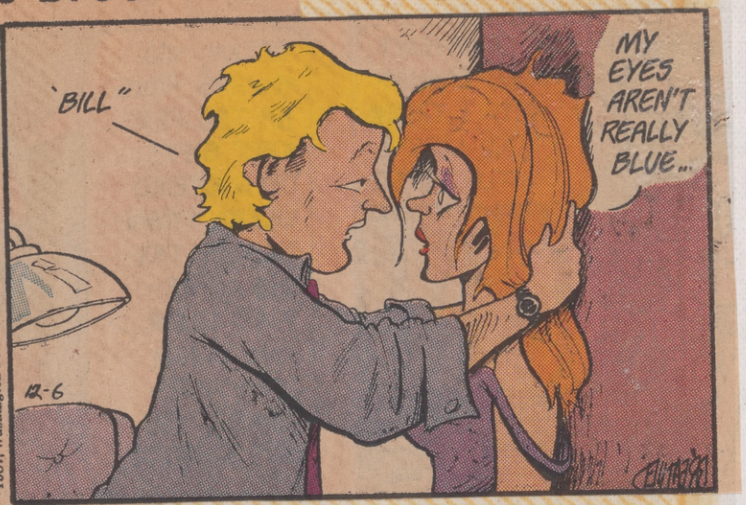
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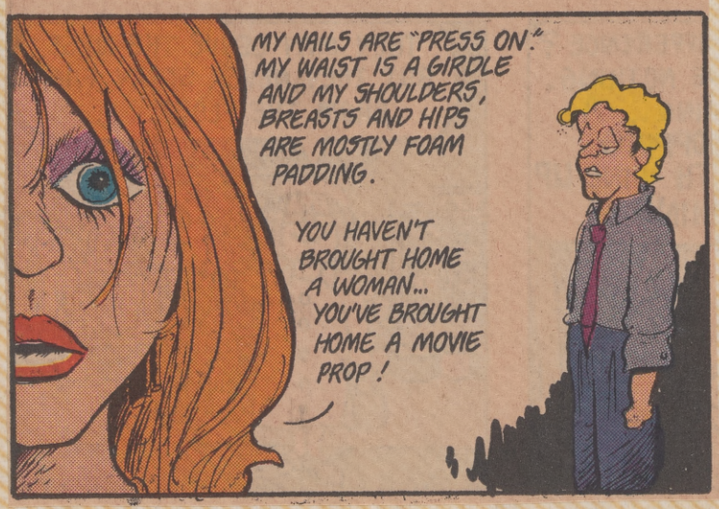
Sister Mary Elizabeth, formerly Michael Clark, took her vows this week

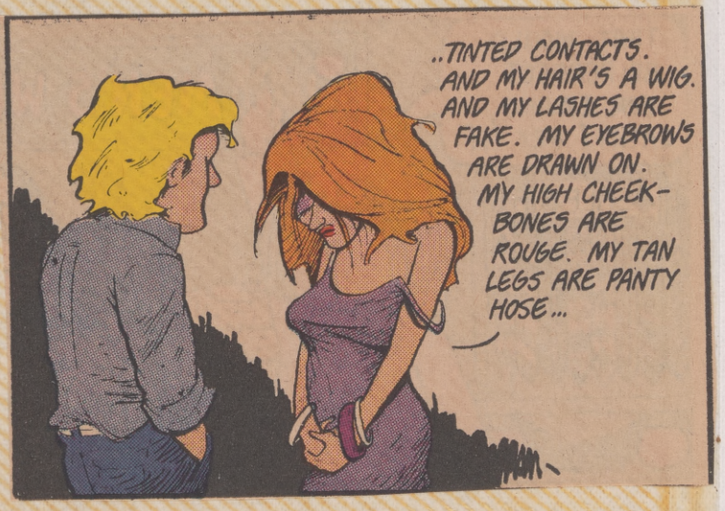
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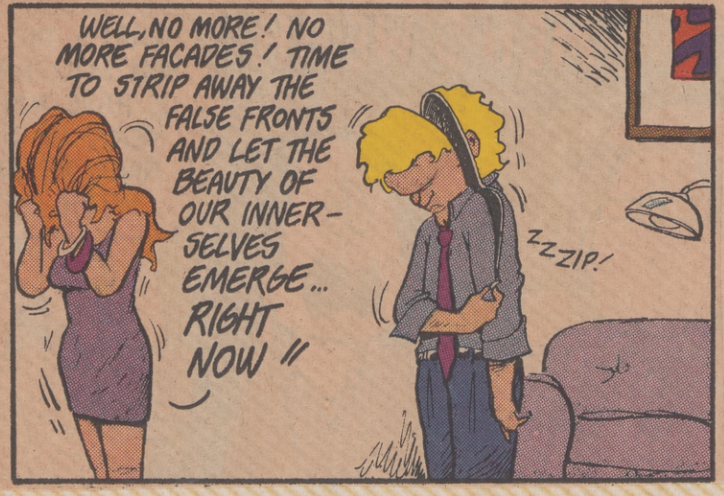


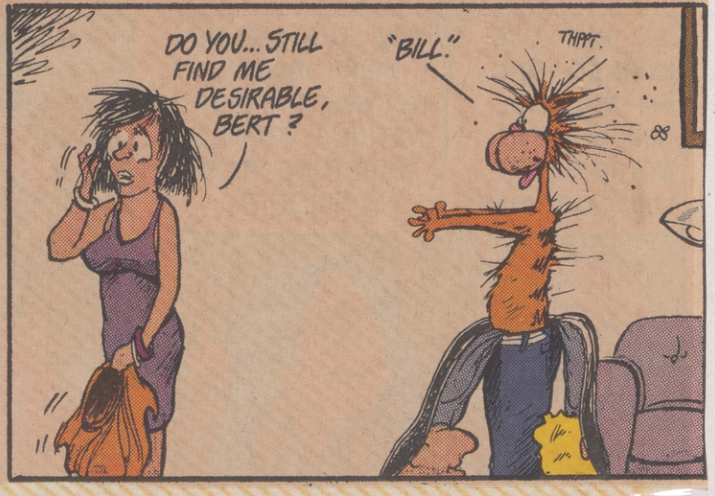

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# Cult Film Star Divine Dies at 42

*Los Angeles Times*

Los Angeles

**Divine, the 300-pound actor whose portrayals of outrageous women in camp-sleaze movies such as "Pink Flamingos" made him a cult film hero — and heroine — died yesterday in his sleep in a Los Angeles hotel room.**

The actor, a former Baltimore hairdresser whose real name was Harris Glenn Milstead, was 42.

A publicist, Peter Haas, said Divine "apparently had a heart attack because of asphyxiation — it had something to do with his weight problem." The Los Angeles County coroner's office was investigating.

Milstead — who had played only one nontransvestite role in his 20-year career, as a crime boss in the 1985 movie "Trouble in Mind" — was in Los Angeles to appear as "Uncle Otto" in an episode of the Fox television series "Married ... With Children."

Divine's latest and most mainstream movie, "Hairspray," starred him as both a housewife and a redneck TV station owner in a nostalgic look at Baltimore, circa 1962.

The film was No. 16 in box-office earnings this weekend, the highest weekly ranking of his career of making underground anti-classics. "Hairspray" was about as conventional as Divine ever got on screen.

His best-known role, in "Pink Flamingos," was as a grotesque transvestite competing for the title of the "filthiest person alive," a title Divine won with a notorious scene of eating dog excrement.

In the 1985 suburban satire "Polyester," a hit at the Cannes Film Festival, he played Francine Fishpaw, a housewife victimized by Tab Hunter as a seamy, swindling Lothario.



HARRIS G. MILSTEAD (DIVINE)
**Bizarre roles made him a star**

The movie was touted as the first made in "Odorama," in which the audience received numbered scratch-and-sniff cards to rub when the corresponding number appeared on screen.

In "Lust in the Dust," a camp version of the 1946 film "Duel in the Sun," Divine played a greedy dance-hall girl who rumbled through a fight scene with Lainie Kazan.

Since his first role — in a modeling satire called "Eat Your Makeup," made in 1968 with his high-school friend, producer-writer-director John Waters — Divine played such "shock-value" parody parts, from Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis to a role in which he was sexually assaulted by a giant, broiled lobster.

Divine also had roles in "Multiple Maniacs" and "Female Trouble."

Often garishly dressed in spangles and spike heels, he wore huge, 50-pound fake breasts fashioned of foam rubber and lentils, his face deep in stylized makeup, and with a raw and raucous voice like vodka over gravel.

In an interview last month with the Washington Post, Divine said that it was all in the line of work: "Those are my work clothes. That's how I make people laugh. I don't see the harm in that."

On his own time, he confined his "flash" to a large diamond stud earring. He wore conventional black tie tuxedo to the Baltimore premiere of "Hairspray."

After his unhappy youth as an overweight schoolboy outside Baltimore, tormented by his schoolmates, he spent a few years as Mr. Glenn, a local hairdresser, living a fantasy life that revolved around female movie stars and dreams of celebrity.

Then his old friend Waters cast him as a sort of perverse Mae West.

"I'd see him waiting for the school bus, wearing different color hair every morning," Waters recently told the Los Angeles Times. "I remember my father would just flip out. He'd get so excited.

"So I thought — Wow! If Divine can make my father that crazy, think of how great he'd be in a movie!"

In 1972, "Pink Flamingos" was made on a $12,000 budget. It is still a midnight-screening favorite internationally.

In 1981, after a nine-year separation from his shocked parents, the actor reconciled with them after learning that his father had muscular dystrophy.

"They're both very proud now and very happy," Divine said recently. His mother, he said, is "like Shirley Temple's mother all of a sudden."



Divine played stripper Flash Storm in Tom Eyen's 'The Neon Woman' in 1979

BY EDWARD GUTHMANN

CHRONICLE STAFF WRITER

JACKIE KENNEDY. Babs Johnson. Dawn Davenport. Francine Fishpaw. Hilly Blue. Edna Turnblad.

Each was a role played by Divine, the gargantuan transvestite actor who died the night of March 6 in his hotel room at the Regency Plaza in Hollywood. Divine, a former hairdresser whose real name was Harris Glenn Milstead, was 42 and, according to a coroner's report, died of natural causes resulting from his enlarged heart.

Strangely enough, Divine's death came just nine days after the release of his last and apparently most popular film. "Hairspray," a light-hearted spoof of 1962 fads and teenage rivalries, won mostly favorable reviews, has broken house records at the Kabuki 8 cinema, and ironically will become the actor's greatest commercial success.

Written and directed by Divine's longtime friend John Waters, "Hairspray" features Divine as Edna Turnblad, a drab Baltimore housewife whose daughter (played by Ricki Lake) becomes an overnight teenage idol on a local TV dance show. Dressed in hideous housedresses and pin curls in the first part of the film, Edna gets her miracle makeover at the Hefty Hideaway, emerging with tri-level bubble hairdo and flashy, form-fitting frock.

It wasn't a big part, but it was a good one, and Divine, who also played a nondrag role as a bigoted TV station owner, was expert at fleshing it out. "It's really Divine's movie," critic Pauline Kael wrote in the New Yorker. "There's a what-the-hell quality to his acting and his funhouse-mirror figure which the film needs ... When Divine's Edna Turnblad is on screen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W.C. Fields in drag."

For Waters, Divine's death is especially tragic. A close friend for more than 25 years, Waters not only gave Divine his start in movies, but endowed him with his strange, unforgettable monicker. In a statement to the press the day after his friend's death, a shaken Waters said that Divine was thrilled by the warm reception for "Hairspray."

"He was just so happy," Waters said. "He said, 'Can you believe we came this far?' Not only did I respect him as the best actor I've ever worked with, I knew him personally as a kind and gentle man. A huge portion of the success of my film is owed him."

Divine wasn't the first member of Waters' stock company of actors to die. In October 1984, Edith Massey, the snaggle-toothed "egg lady" from "Pink Flamingos," died of cancer at 66 while Waters was preparing a sequel called "Flamingos Forever." Several years earlier, David Lochary, the blue-haired Raymond Marble from "Flamingos," died from an overdose of angel dust.

Divine's death wasn't completely unexpected. Chronically overweight, he battled his

*Divine's "Pink Flamingos" and "Female Trouble" screen tomorrow night at UC Theater.*

# Divinely Different

## 375-pound transvestite's death saddens cult, new-found friends

New York

RESPLENDENT IN glittering rock-star garb, Eddie Murphy prowls the stage in his hit concert movie, "Raw," like a sleek young lion. Baring his teeth in a dazzling ear-to-ear grin, the 26-year-old king of comedy from Hempstead, N.Y., playfully cuffs his fellow show-business icons. He locates a pompous prude lurking beneath Bill Cosby's avuncular joviality and finds a thin-skinned hysteric inside Richard Pryor's hipster. With vicious accuracy, he impersonates effeminate homosexuals, macho Italian-Americans and middle-class white managerial types.

As a needler of celebrities and a supercilious social parodist, Murphy is not all that different from the Bob Hope of 30 years ago who tweaked celebrity egos and lisped with a limp wrist. He has the same impeccably measured timing, the same impenetrable killer's smile, the same cool, monarchal self-confidence. But while their similarities go deep, their differences are far more profound.

Murphy, for one, is black. If he possesses Hope's imperial suavity, he also is the proud heir of a decades-old burlesque-show tradition of scatological party humor that Redd Foxx and others were instrumental in bringing into the mainstream of American comedy. White hipsters such as Lenny Bruce and George Carlin were key figures in intellectually legitimizing this blue humor. And, preceding Murphy, Pryor grabbed it by the scruff of the neck and elevated it into perilous, pyrotechnical art.

While aggressive, scatological humor has been a staple of American comedy for decades, its above-ground acceptance has reached a new plateau in the last few years. As Murphy has been swept to the pinnacle of entertainment, older comedians such as Rodney Dangerfield have been discovered and embraced by youthful audiences who grew up with hard-rock music and have found in Dangerfield's crude, roaring hostility the comic equivalent of leering heavy-metal rock.

DANGERFIELD has fathered a whole school of screamingly profane, assaultive male comedians, among them Sam Kinison, Andrew (Dice) Clay and Bob Goldthwait. Their phenomenal popularity in the comedy world is comparable to that of Ozzy Osbourne and the Beastie Boys in rock music.

Heavy-metal rock often has been called "head-banging music" because it expresses adolescent sexual frustration and a feeling of social confinement. Outrageous "attack comedy" voices the same sense of pent-up frustration with no outlet other than wanton verbal aggression.

The basic tenet of outrageous comedy, as announced by Foxx, is that all people are equal in their bodily functions, animal desires and revulsions. Pryor transcendently carried this concept into social and metaphysical realms. Murphy has synthesized Pryor's ghetto-wise truth-telling, graphic language and sexual explicitness with Hope's toastmaster style. He epitomizes the contemporary stand-up comedian as both naughty pop philosopher and glib superstar.

Dangerfield, 66, is a beleaguered every-

Dark," he played the small role of a detective.

When he wasn't acting in movies, he kept busy with a separate career — one that few of his American fans knew about and almost none of his obituaries mentioned — as an international recording star and nightclub performer. He scored hit singles with "Love Reaction," "I'm So Beautiful" and "The Name Game," and in one year played 184 gigs in Europe.

In the mid-'70s, Divine turned to stage work. He took the part of a sex-starved prison matron in Tom Eyen's off-Broadway hit "Women Behind Bars," starred in "The Heartbreak of Psoriasis," a disastrous play at the Kabuki Theater in San Francisco, and also played stripper Flash Storm in Eyen's "The Neon Woman," which ran briefly at the Alcazar Theater on Geary in 1979.

Last month, in an interview with The Chronicle, Waters spoke fondly of Divine, with whom he shared a friendship dating back to school days in the early '60s. Inevitably, Waters said, when he gave Divine a part in his films, "I always have to argue a little to use him. He still frightens people. If you meet him, he's anything but frightening. He's ver shy and unaggressive. He's a gentleman."

In his hilarious autobiography, "Shoc Value," Waters discussed his friend in detail and wrote that, "Of all the Dreamlanders [th crew of actors who worked on his early films] Divine wanted to be famous the most . . . He wants it all — the Oscar, the Emmy, the Tony — and to this day dreams of a life filled with limousines, swimming pools and servants."

An only child, Divine grew up in a "snooty" suburb of Baltimore, worshiped Elizabeth Taylor and escaped into fantasy when his classmates mocked his fatness and his sissy ways. A sheltered child, he once said he'd rarely been apart from his parents until he was 15. When he met Waters and his wild cronies, Divine said, "I thought . . . God, what a sleazy crew they are. Everybody liked living in poverty and filth. No one I knew lived like that. I was stuck in a middle-class mentality."

Divine was welcomed into the demented Dreamland family and instantly became a star in Waters' films. He made his debut in "Roman Candles" (1966), played Jackie Kennedy in "Eat Your Makeup" (1968), emulated Jayne Mansfield as a hit-and-run driver in "Mondo Trasho" (1969) and was raped by a 15-foot lobster in "Multiple Maniacs" (1970). It wasn't until "Pink Flamingos" (1972), however, that Divine got his first taste of fame.

The ultimate cult film, "Flamingos" truly succeeded as an "exercise in poor taste." Divine plays Babs Johnson, a mean-spirited low-life with a shaved hairline and extravagant eye makeup who shares a shabby trailer with her mentally retarded mother (Edith Massey). Addicted to celebrity at all costs, she competes with the sadistic Raymond and Connie Marble (David Lochary and Mink Stole) for the title of "Filthiest People Alive."

The film, made for $12,000, is packed with amazing scenes: Babs performing a sexual act on her son, Crackers, as he screams "Mama, I always knew you'd be the best"; Crackers having sex with his girlfriend while a live chicken squawks and scratches between them; Massey sitting in her playpen and gorging on eggs; and the unforgettable final scene in which Divine eats poodle droppings while grinning broadly.

Although it seemed impossible at the time, Divine succeeded in topping himself with his next (and funniest) film role. As Dawn Davenport in "Female Trouble," he ran the gamut from teenage delinquent to cat burglar to convicted killer. When her arch-enemy (Massey) throws acid in her face, Dawn capitalizes on her facial scars by turning into a fashion model. When two fascist beauticians (David Lochary and Mink Stole) take her under their wing, she subscribes to the theory that "crime is beauty."

Finally, her head shaved into a Mohawk, Dawn performs a nighclub "act" by jumping on a trampoline, boasting about sexual exploits with mass murderers and firing a rifle into an audience filled with hippies. Locked in prison, she interrupts a torrid lesbian affair in order to be electrocuted.

In 1973, as "Flamingos" gained cult status on the midnight-movie circuit, Divine moved to San Francisco to exploit his notoriety. At the time, the Cockettes, a ragtag, stoned-out, bearded band of genders-benders, were giving stage shows at the Palace Theater (now the Pagoda) on Columbus Avenue. "Tinsel Tarts in a Hot Coma" and "Journey to the Center of Uranus" were among the titles. Drawn to the scene, Divine soon starred in his own extravaganzas: "Divine and Her Stimulating Studs," "Divine Saves the World" and "Vice Palace."

It was a crazy, unbridled time, and Divine was treated like visiting royalty. When he arrived at San Francisco International, the Cockettes formed a shrieking welcome brigade and created chaos throughout the airport. Earlier, when Waters screened "Mondo Trasho" at the Palace, Divine ran onstage in skintight Capri pants and seven-inch heels, threw dead fish at the audience and struck a series of exhibitionist poses.

When Divine entered the Miss Demeanor Pageant in San Francisco, a drag beauty contest held in a church, "ugly expert" Van Smith designed latex burns and scars for Divine's face, and Waters wrote a speech to shock the hippie throng: "I smuggle rotten fruit into California and I eat pounds and pounds of white sugar! I had to come to California because I killed a couple of cops back East! Don't you realize? I killed Sharon Tate, and they've arrested the wrong people!"

In later years, Divine calmed down considerably. He struggled to be taken seriously — claiming he was an actor and not a "drag queen," and insisted that his wild outfits were merely "work clothes" — but had to fight the old "Pink Flamingos" image. He was encouraged by his part in "Trouble in Mind" — an evil Sydney Greenstreet-type gangster named Hilly Blue — but couldn't find another non-drag role in a feature film.

Asked by Waters to explain his popularity, Divine once said, "When you think of a blond bombshell, you think of Monroe or Mansfield, you don't think of a 300-pound man. People like to be shocked."

"Underneath all this cockeyed glamour," Waters wrote, "lives a serious actor who wants nothing more than to work every day." Although he died just as he was achieving the broad-based legitimacy that he craved, Divine's celebrity never really waned. He once sat for British artist David Hockney, and the painting hangs today in the large Hockney exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. He was spoofed by comedian John Candy in the old "SCTV" television series, and at the time of his death was preparing to play a male role, Uncle Otto, in the Fox network comedy series "Married . . . With Children."

The flip side to fame, Divine learned, was an often lonely, incomplete personal life. "I've never really had a lover," he said in 1985. "I don't know what it must be like. I have friends who are married or live together, and I'm the godfather of four children.

"They're all so happy in their little houses with the dogs jumping around and it seems like a fairytale. I think, 'Oh, I would love that, too,' but you can't with a schedule like I've got. It's just one of the prices you have to pay."

# Divine's Death Attributed to Enlarged Heart

*Associated Press*

Los Angeles

Divine, the overweight female impersonator, died of an enlarged heart, a coroner's official said yesterday.

"There was no evidence of drugs or alcohol. He died in his sleep of an enlarged heart, probably due to the obesity," said Steve Stewart, spokesman for the Los Angeles County coroner's office.

The death was listed as natural with the cause of death listed as hypertrophic cardiomyopathy, or enlarged heart, Stewart said. The coroner's report showed that Divine, whose real name was Harris Glenn Milstead, weighed 375 pounds.

The 42-year-old actor — who starred in the cult film favorite "Pink Flamingos" and the current release "Hairspray" — was found dead in his bed on Monday at the Regency Plaza Hotel in Hollywood.

Divine's manager, Bernard Jay, said his client had a long-running weight problem, but otherwise was found to be in excellent health during a checkup on Friday.

"I always had very macho taste in movies. I love blood and guts and tear-it-ups and shoot-outs. I never miss a Stallone film. I've seen all of Charles Bronson's."

Divine, who died yesterday, in Interview magazine.

■



*Divine: liked tough guys*



***John Waters on Divine: 'Underneath all this cockeyed glamour lives a serious actor who wants nothing more than to work every day'***









**Divine performed as Babs Johnson in 'Pink Flamingos,' as Francine Fishpaw in 'Polyester,' as Rosie in 'Lust in the Dust' and as Edna Turnblad in 'Hairspray'**

# CATHY by Cathy Guisewite



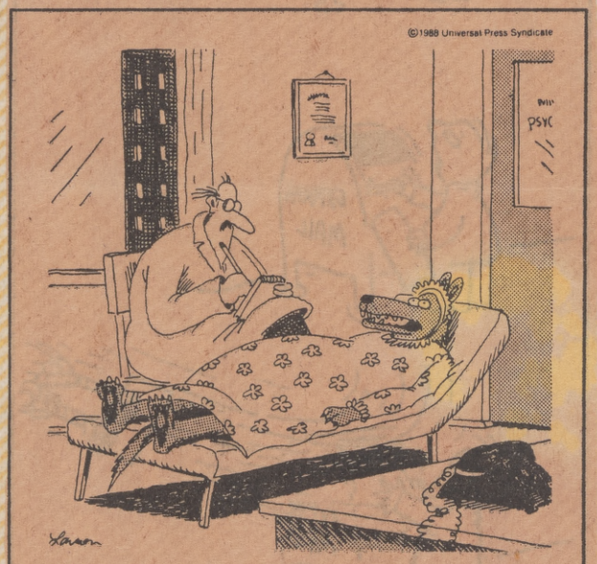
## GOSSIP
*Liz Smith*

■ "When I'm in pants, call me 'he' — when I'm in a gown, call me a limo," says actor/actress **Holly Woodlawn**, straightening out (sort of) the old cross-dressing gender problem.

### *Love Is Sweeping the Country*

■ Frederick's of Hollywood says that the movie "Bull Durham" — in which **Kevin Costner** adroitly manipulates the garter belt of **Susan Sarandon** — has caused sales of garter belts to jump by 15 percent.

**THE FAR SIDE**




**You know, it was supposed to be just a story about a little kid and a wolf . . . but off and on, I've been dressing up as a grandmother ever since.**

**AMERICA FIRST**

### *What Really Needs Fixing in America*

In the Washington weekly Roll Call's special Democratic convention issue, writer **Bill Thomas** offered these suggestions for convention keynoters eager to touch upon "basic truths all Americans hold dear.... Here are some important everyday concepts that have never been mentioned in any keynote speech. Isn't it time we heard about:

"Car-pooling, cross-dressing, lower back pain, plaque, irregularity, home improvements, frequent-flier mileage, lawn care, flight insurance, stain-free newsprint, 24-hour banking, caffeine addiction, pet odor, PMS, optional air bags, gridlock, incontinence, hair implants, chronic itch, clogged gutters, motion sickness, wax buildup, heavy lifting, safety shoes, condo fees, commuter lanes, household germs."

# *Charles Pierce says*

By Barbara Bladen

Times Lively Arts Editor

**BB: Not goodbye, Charles. Oh, no, not that. It can't be true, dahling, it can't, it can't.**

CP: Yes, Blanche, IT IS, IT IS!

**BB: What a drag! Oh, well, nothing lasts forever, but thanks for the memory of all those marvelously funny shows. There's no one who'll take your place...ever.**

**And oh yes, my dear, what will you do with all those fabulous gowns and fake jewels? I mean, you copied them all from my wardrobe, so shouldn't I inherit a few?**

The country is in mourning.

Charles Pierce is hanging up his rhinestones and sequins, his Bette Davis grimace, Marilyn Monroe pout, Carol Channing basso, Tallulah Bankhead lurch, Mae West falsies, Joan Collins snarl, Eleanor Roosevelt handbag, Maria Montez turban, Jeanette MacDonald falsetto.

Oh boo hoo. First cabarets disappear, and then, naturally, the headliners move on to something else. Thank heavens for the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room, where Pierce is giving his farewell to San Francisco performance through Sept. 4 (one daily except Monday, and 9 and 11 p.m. Friday and Saturday).

Pierce represents 35 years of classy, sometimes trashy, always clever, glamorous and audacious famous female facsimilies.

He was the toast of San Francisco, New York and Los Angeles and reigned supreme in his field through decades of laughter and down-'n'-dirty parodies.

He refined his act when he started playing the bigger rooms, but there's a world of his fans out there who remember him from Gold Street and other long-departed clubs around town. He'd swing out over the top of

He'd swing out over the top of

the audience in a flower-bedecked swing keening MacDonald's famous aria "San Francisco" from the movie of the same name.

Wait, a bulletin has just arrived. The devilish vamp isn't REALLY leaving show business. The Naughty Society would never allow it.

He's just quitting his club act. He's simply moving on into movies and television.

Well, there goes my dream of wearing his slinky, sequined, befeathered gowns. It's moth-ball city for them, I can see it now.

He's done lots of television in the past: "Fame," "Laverne and Shirley," "Starsky and Hutch," "Wonder Woman," "Chico and the Man" and such, but his TV work didn't prevent him from coming back year after year to parade and outrage in his generous 90-minute side-splitting, fast-talking, quick-thinking, dazzling, witty impersonations.

But there's a new medium on the market. The video performance "Charles Pierce at the Ballroom" is almost word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture the act he's done for years and is doing now at the Venetian Room. It's a gem ($39.95 at the Fairmont Hotel newsstand), keeping Pierce always within reach of my VCR — just as my eyeballs were healing from the glitter damage. Oh, well.

Pianist Joan Edgar, a consummate accompanist who is on the

☆ ☆ ☆



Dennis, Mame and Kim at the bash.

# farewell to night clubs



video with him, sets the beat for the Dick Bright Orchestra at the Fairmont and backs him in half a dozen songs done variously in bass, baritone, soprano and scream.

It's basically the same show he's done for years except for a new sequence in which he introduces famous exotic, neurotic, turbanned ladies of the silver screen — Montez, Gloria Swanson, Maria Ouspenskaya. With his chin in the air and long-stemmed cigarette holder he's dripping in jewels and swathed in cut velvet as he dishes vintage Hollywood movies.

What has happened over the years is his fans have learned all the punch lines. Sometimes it's fun, with the right audience, to hear all the feedback. Sometimes it's a bore, as on opening night when a heckler loud-mouthed throughout the show and incurred the wrath of the star, who got off on his timing by trying to put down the creep.

Davis, Bankhead, Monroe, Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn are his trademarks, but his Joan Collins bitchiness has been a good standby over the past few years ('Here I am, straight from 'Dynasty,' forks on the left, knives in the back").

When he pats his powdered hair as Hepburn (an armful of calla lilies in her arm), does a few fast quips and tosses off apologetically, "just an old woman trying to be hip," it's typical of the inside jokes he makes on himself.

"I don't tell jokes. I am a joke," he says.

But when he gets serious, as he does in a poignant moment from Hepburn's performance as Gabrielle Chanel in the musical "Coco." You can her a pin drop. It offers a glimpse of the fine actor he is.

Then there's his other side, the standup comic who he tosses off, "You remember me in 'Coco?' Pearl Bailey played the matinees. They called it 'Hot Chocolate'."

He leaves the stage as Lana Turner, another brief glimpse at his versatility at impersonations.

The circle has come full round from his opening introduction as "the blonde that Hollywood forgot!"

In a long tradition of drag acts from Paris to London and Finocchio's, Charles Pierce has been a queen supreme.



Charles Pierce as Tallulah

**FARLEY** / Phil Frank




THE WALL STREET JOURNAL




"How is it, Ralph, that you can wait all day for the fish to bite, but you can't wait a few minutes for me to get dressed?"

# THE GRAB BAG



A LOT of money goes to odd places in the name of national defense. During World War II, Maidenform got a dandy little contract to make brassieres for carrier pigeons.

## ASK BETH

# She Made Me Wear My Sister's Panties

BY BETH WINSHIP

**DEAR BETH: I'm 16. I got into a mess of trouble last year at school and didn't pass. Most of it involved girls. My teacher told my mother that I was more interested in girls than school work, so when school was over, she made me put on my sister's panties, bra and bathing suit, and go out and cut the grass.**

**Every day I had to wear girls' things, because I brought shame on her. When I was home alone, I had to answer the door in girls' clothing. What do you think about this? — Pretty Boy**

This was "cruel and unusual" punishment. Since adolescence is the time of establishing sexual identity and understanding, it's a terrible time to foster confusion about sex roles.

I hope your mother never repeats this, and that you'd refuse to obey such potentially harmful punishment. Do try to raise your marks.

•

**DEAR BETH: I had to respond to "Deeply Ashamed," the 17-year-old boy who enjoys dressing in girls' clothes. My heart went out to him. I am now in my "golden years" and have five children and eight grandchildren. I wear bras, panties and pantyhose under my "regular" clothes most of the time.**

**Beth, you were right to encourage this boy to see a counselor and get rid of his guilt. Through counseling I found out: 1. There was nothing "wrong" with me; 2. There is no cure; 3. Cross dressing isn't perverted, homosexual or harmful, and one shouldn't feel guilty; 4. No one knows what causes it.**

**Encourage other cross dressers to find someone they can confide in about their "guilty secret." — Understanding and Sympathetic**

Your understanding should help this boy and many others, as well as contribute to public understanding of transvestism.

•

**DEAR BETH: This letter is for "Deeply Ashamed." When I was 14 my mother caught me trying on girls' panties. I was made to spend the entire summer wearing nothing but girls' clothes. Now, much as I love sexual relations with women, I can't give up transvestite gratification. I suspect the reason I love it is because of being forced into dressing like a girl at 14. I was embarrassed, humiliated, teased, thrilled and ashamed, all at once.**

**As a transvestite now, I understand that to divulge this fetish to a stranger is putting too much on the line. "Deeply Ashamed" should know that there are magazines and organizations that provide understanding, help and therapy for us. They can be found in some men's magazines. — Cross dressing in Oakland**

Your letter should help people understand.

•

NOVEMBER 6, 1988/SUNDAY PUNCH

# Political cartoon angers Arizona delegates

7-21-88

*By Bob Anez*
*The Associated Press*

ATLANTA — Arizona delegates to the Democratic National Convention reacted angrily yesterday to what they said was a racist political cartoon in the Phoenix Gazette making fun of Jesse Jackson's presidential bid.

The cartoon showed a miniature likeness of Jackson, dressed in the garb of an Old South stable hand and holding out a ring used for tethering horses.

Jackson is poised in front of a plantation-style White House where Democratic nominee Michael Dukakis is telling his wife: "Well Kitty, I think we've found a spot for Jesse."

Sixty members of the Arizona contingent, including 53 of the 55 delegates and alternates, had signed a letter to the editor by the time the convention resumed last night. The letter said the cartoon portrayed Arizona as a "haven for racism" and demanded an apology from the newspaper.

Larry Ferguson, a Gazette editorial writer who approved the cartoon, defended it as "reasonable comment for a cartoonist" and said no apology was warranted.

Stanley Lubin, a Dukakis alternate from Phoenix who drafted the petition, called the cartoon an "insensitive piece of journalism."

"If they politically don't like what we're doing, that's fine," he added. "If they don't like Jesse Jackson, that's fine. But to depict Jesse Jackson as slave in front of a plantation is disgusting."

Ferguson said cartoonist Len Borozinski is given a great deal of latitude in what he draws and that "all cartoonists have weird minds."

"He put himself in Dukakis' place," Ferguson said. "He sees Dukakis as having slighted Jesse and that Dukakis would really like to see the Reverend Jackson someplace other than his present position."

OAKLAND TRIBUNE

LATE DAILY NEWS 4¢
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

# EX-GI BECOMES BLONDE BEAUTY

## *Operations Transform Bronx Youth*



A World of a Difference

Associated Press

Photos of Christine Jorgensen before and after her 1952 sex-change operation.

# Jorgensen may die of cancer

SAN CLEMENTE (AP) — Christine Jorgensen, the ex-G.I. whose sex change operation nearly four decades ago led to a career as an author, lecturer and nightclub performer, is dying of cancer.

On Friday, Jorgensen started a new round of chemotherapy treatments at Mission Hospital Regional Medical Center in Mission Viejo in an effort to stave off the cancer that has spread from her bladder to her lungs.

Fighting the disease is "all-consuming and incredibly inconvenient," she said.

Jorgensen, 62, learned she had cancer last year. She has kept a low profile since.

She did grant The Orange County Register an interview, which was published in Friday editions.

"There will be no pictures," she said. "Just say I have cancer and that I'm continuing to fight it."

The day Jorgensen learned she had the same disease that killed her mother in 1967, Jorgensen went home and took a long look at herself in her bathroom mirror.

"I said to myself, 'Look, you've coped with a lot already. You can handle this, too. So you might as well get on with it."

Even so, she said, "This time it's a semi-terminal battle. The other was not," referring to earlier feelings that she was a woman trapped in a man's body.

Because of the expensive chemotherapy and two surgeries to remove tumors, Jorgensen had to sell her 3,000-square foot Laguna Niguel home. She and her 7-year-old terrier, Bonnie, have been living in a three-bedroom apartment here.

Jorgensen's story made world headlines 37 years ago when she went to Copenhagen, Denmark, as New Yorker George Jorgensen Jr. and left as Christine Jorgensen.

Hers was an unanticipated life in the limelight. She joined the lecture and nightclub circuit, authored books, met royalty and celebrities, found new gentlemen friends and ended up with enough money, jewels and furs to provide a comfortable lifestyle.

Jorgensen insists she has no regrets about the operation and is proud to have been part of the sexual revolution.

Although her lifestyle has changed drastically, she continues to turn down offers of marriage. "At this age, these guys just want somebody to take care of them, and to that I say, 'No way, Jose,'" she said.

She acknowledged time has taken its toll. "Getting myself together takes a little more effort these days." But it's also had its advantages, she said. "I'm not that recognizable anymore. I can actually go into a supermarket and people don't know who I am, which is just wonderful and suits me just fine."

Although she spends a lot of time wired to tubes and machines, Jorgensen still has time for reading and preparing her second autobiography.



Associated Press

Christine Jorgensen beside her portrait in 1985.

**DEAR ABBY** / ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

# How to Eat An Ear of Corn



DEAR ABBY: While visiting a family in Santa Fe, we were enjoying a luscious meal of locally caught trout when we got into a discussion about how to eat corn on the cob.

Four of our party ate the corn in even rows — left to right. The fifth person ate the corn in a 360-degree movement, turning it round and round. Then ensued a serious discussion concerning the "socially acceptable" way to eat corn on the cob.

So, Dear Abby, please tell us: Should one eat corn on the cob straight across or round and round?

MAY AND DON, SANTA FE, N.M.

**DEAR MAY AND DON: Those who are sticklers for socially acceptable table manners are not likely to serve corn on the cob.**

**I can speak only for myself, but I gnaw the kernels off the cob beginning at the far left — and proceed across the cob. Then I rotate the cob and sink my teeth into the kernels above the "row" already eaten.**

**I don't know about the folks in Santa Fe, but that's the way we Iowans eat it.**

DEAR ABBY: Please help me. I am being deluged with "get well" wishes from friends and fans ever since The Associated Press put out a release saying, "Christine Jorgensen, the ex-GI whose sex-change operation nearly 40 years ago led to a career as an author, lecturer and nightclub performer, is dying of cancer."

That paragraph appeared adjacent to the obituaries in the San Francisco Chronicle!

Abby, I had cancer surgery last year, but to paraphrase Mark Twain: "The reports of my imminent demise are greatly exaggerated." Will you please help me spread the word? Thank you.

CHRISTINE JORGENSEN

**DEAR CHRISTINE: I just did. Good luck and God bless you.**

the neighborhood T.M. by Jerry Van Amerongen




Support hose.

# Buses Return to Finocchio's



Eve Finocchio and her grandson, Eric Jorgensen, pass out postcards as Gray Line Tour bus riders pack in for the show.

## Tourists come home to the queen of the drag shows

BY JERRY CARROLL
CHRONICLE STAFF WRITER

Is it possible? There in the darkness, rising from his table and waving a hand at the crowd, acknowledging the applause with a savoir faire that would do credit to show-stoppers like Wayne Newton himself. *Mr. Whipple!*

The man who was always fussing about the toilet paper in all those don't-squeeze-the-Charmin commercials. *Right here,* close enough at a ringside table at Finocchio's to touch!



"Ladies and gentlemen, the man whose name is a household word," cries emcee J.J. Van Dyke. Mr. Whipple, whose real name is Dick Wilson, bows before this tribute and then sits down again.

OK, maybe this is not much in the way of a Celebrity, but better than nothing. The point is Mr. Whipple arrived at Finocchio's, a date on both arms, aboard a Gray Line Tour bus.

## Back in Good Graces

This means Finocchio's, where men have been simpering and flouncing about in women's clothes for more than half a century, is back in the good graces of the company that scorned it in March for a rival drag show with female impersonators said to show fewer miles on the odometer.

"We felt the show had been deteriorating," said Gray Line vice president Wayne Nelson, 41. "After we left, their show got much better, the way it used to be several years ago. They added more dancers and really improved."

Eve Finocchio, widow of the man who created San Francisco's best-known nightery 53 years ago, is too ladylike to say anybody is talking hooey on this issue. But she does do a kind of slow burn.

"I feel I have always had a good show," she says in her tasteful Forest Hills home in San Francisco. Her manner gives the impression there are hidden depths to this controversy it would be unwise to plumb. Her elderly Norwegian elkhound, Aquarius, rolls on the Oriental rug groaning and barking in some Alpo ecstasy.

"I will tell you one thing," she says meaningfully, ignoring this. "I didn't go after them."

It is evident the honeyed words Gray Line murmurs about how the years have magically fallen away from Finocchio's revue, revealing the bright young thing of memory, are not going to end this rumpus right away.

Only time will make the hurt go away of having been abandoned for a young chit like "Puttin' on the Glitz," a lip-synch extravaganza put on at Sutter's Mill, a gay bar in the Financial District that is now padlocked and has a "For Sale" sign in the window.

"Business didn't drop appreciably when Gray Lines left," says George Wiley, 34, who, when he steps into high heels and claps on his enormous wig, rises nearly seven feet tall as Miss Chrissy Fields, thrush extraordinaire and your mistress of camp.

Sharper of tongue is Van Dyke, 53 ("The J.J. is for James James"), who said, "They were complete out-and-out idiots who made themselves look like fools, as far as I'm concerned. They don't bring us all that much business anyway."

Gray Line Tour's Nelson begs to differ. "In a year, we'll probably take 75,000 people there," he says.

"We had a lot of requests from prior customers wanting to go back," he admits. "The name Finocchio's is one people have heard of and are familiar with. We never got a complaint about 'Puttin' On the Glitz,' but it's really unknown to the people of the East and Midwest."

You get your money's worth with the Finocchio show. Driven by its wise-cracking emcees, it is an hour-long melange of pop songs and show tunes interwoven with campy comedy and tightly choreographed dance routines. Some people come for one show and stay for all three, each of which is different.

"There is no extra charge," says Eve Finocchio.

## The Crowds Line Up

On a Saturday night, people begin lining up on the sidewalk outside Finocchio's for the first show around 7:15 p.m., even though the doors aren't supposed to open until 8. A lot of the time, Eve — who collects the cash at the top of the stairs on the weekends — opens early to let them in out of the wind.

Her grandson, Eric Jorgensen, 23, who is being groomed to run the historic nightclub, will be the third generation of the family to manage Finocchio's.

"He's a very sensible young man," she says. "When Mr. Finoc-

*See Page B6, Col. 1*

**BLOOM COUNTY** / Berke Breathed



# A 'Family' Drag Show

## Generations have gone to Finocchio's

From Page B3

chio died, he came from college and helped me."

Joseph Finocchio emigrated from Italy when he was 13 years old and went to work for $2 a week at a restaurant his family owned on Grant Avenue. When he grew up, he opened a little bar up some stairs in a building at Stockton and Powell, where a public garage now stands.

As Eve Finocchio recalls her husband telling it, patrons nearly 53 years ago began clowning around with women's hats, and soon that progressed to the more outrageous wits dressing up as women. These hijinks drew bigger crowds, and Joseph moved to larger quarters on Broadway. The rest, as they say, is history.

She was introduced to Finocchio, who died in 1986 at the age of 88, by members of her family.

"I thought he was very nice. There was quite a bit of difference in our ages (she will not reveal hers), but it didn't bother us. We got along very well. He was very good to me. He was very outgoing, a very likable person."

Its cast members say Finocchio's has always had a family quality, and performers remain cast members for years — perhaps the reason Gray Line twirled its mustache like a cad and cast a roving eye elsewhere.

### The Master of Camp

Van Dyke first performed at Finocchio's from 1960 to 1965.

"After that, I worked a couple of summers as one of the Two Old Bags From Oakland, a quite well-known act which I now own because everyone else has died out. It's not too easy to do that act. One person has to be young enough to dance but old enough to take his teeth out."

He gave up show biz to ship out for a dozen years as a merchant seaman in 1965, a trade followed until economics forced the last American passenger ship to port. "I did everything from shaking pubic hairs out of sheets to waiting on tables."



BY LIZ HAFALIA/THE CHRONICLE

**'I feel I have always had a good show,' says Eve Finocchio, widow of the club's creator.**

**SHOWTIMES**

The Finocchio Club, 506 Broadway, opens at 8 p.m. daily, but is closed Monday and Wednesday. Shows are at 9, 10:30 and 11:50 p.m. Admission is $10.

Van Dyke said Finocchio's was successful because its founder didn't have any partners and could run the business without interference.

"Also, he insisted on quality, and over the years hired a major portion of the top female impersonators around the country and world," he said.

"Up until the 1960s it was a unique art form. Then, with the long hair and the flowing robes, you couldn't tell the boys from the girls, front or back. People got used to seeing men who looked like girls."

### Ringside at the Show

Watching the show this night, across the dance floor from Mr. Whipple's table, was a row of young women there for a bachelorette party. One was British-born Diane Kullen, 24, who now lives in Belmont.

"My father was brought here years and years ago by my uncle. He kept whispering, 'There's something with those women.' "

With her was Melanie Luders, 26, of Redwood City, whose sister was being feted at the party. "There are no male strippers around, and this is the next best," she said.

Van Dyke joked with them during the show, saying afterward, "I would say that a good 92 to 95 percent of our audience is from out of town. The average local catches the show only when he has friends from out of town. Same with gays who bring in friends from out of town. They think Finocchio's is an institution they should all see once."

Drag shows used to be big in gay bars during the 1960s, he recalled. "Then the gays got into disco dancing in the '70s." Disco died, but drag never made a comeback.

"To the people in the Midwest and the Bible Belt, we are still a unique art form. San Francisco has plenty of nightclubs for people under 30, but where can little blue-haired ladies clutching their purses and dragging their husbands go? I can only think of about three, including Finocchio's."

After the show, Mr. Whipple paused on the sidewalk before boarding the Gray Line bus to greet his public.

"The show," he told one of his fans, "was in very good taste."



PHOTOS BY LIZ HAFALIA/THE CHRONICLE

**Emcee J.J. Van Dyke, who has worked as a merchant seaman as well as a female impersonator, gets into character before going on stage.**

# Ann Landers



**DEAR ANN LANDERS: I'm a 51-year-old-male who has been dressing in women's clothing since I was a child. My mother thought it was cute when I asked if she could put lipstick and dresses on me, but, of course, she didn't let me go to school like that.**

**I have never appeared in public dressed as a woman, although I've been wearing lace panties and bras for several years. From time to time I felt it wasn't right so I would quit, but there was always an irresistible urge to start dressing again and I would give in to it.**

**I am not a homosexual and have no interest in men. I am 6 feet tall, have a bass voice and a fair-sized Adam's apple. I could imitate the ways of a female but am afraid I could never make it as a woman because of the things I have mentioned.**

**I finally got up the courage to ask your advice, Ann. These are my options. Please help me choose:**

*What else is there for cross-dresser?*

**1. Try to stop dressing up forever.**

**2. Keep doing it privately, as I have been.**

**3. Keep at it and have my external sex organs removed. They are a nuisance to me and I would like to be rid of them.**

**4. Have a sex-change operation and keep it quiet, living as a man publicly and a woman privately. — Near North in Chicago**

DEAR N.N. CHIC.: If you can manage with option No. 2, it would be the best way to go. Surgery should be done only when there is an overwhelming desire to change one's sexual identity. It involves several operations, is costly, painful, and requires intensive psychological counseling.

# Ann Landers



**DEAR ANN LANDERS: Over the years I have had a great deal of pleasure from your column, and, as a physician, I commend you for the fine job you do in the health field.**

**Here is something that a friend sent me in the mail recently. I don't know who wrote it, but it gave me the best laugh I've had in a long time. I hope you will share it with your readers. — Your friend, Zigmund L., Washington, D.C.**

DEAR ZIGGIE: I agree. It's a hoot. What a way to start the week! Thanks for sending it my way.

☆☆☆

## What not to choose to name your dog

Everybody who has a dog calls him "Rover" or "Boy." I call mine "Sex." He's a great pal but he has caused me a great deal of embarrassment.

When I went to city hall to renew his dog license, I told the clerk I would like a license for Sex. He said, "I'd like one, too!" Then I said, "But this is a dog." He said he didn't care what she looked like. Then I said, "You don't understand, I've had Sex since I was 9 years old." He winked and said, "You must have been quite a kid."

When I got married and went on my honeymoon, I took the dog with me. I told the motel clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex.

He said, "You don't need a special room. As long as you pay your bill we don't care what you do." I said, "Look, you don't seem to understand, Sex keeps me awake at night." The clerk said, "Funny — I have the same problem."

One day I entered Sex in a contest, but before the competition began, the dog ran away. Another contestant asked me why I was just standing there, looking disappointed. I told him I had planned to have Sex in the contest. He told me I should have sold my own tickets. "But you don't understand," I said, "I had hoped to have Sex on TV." He said, "Now that cable is all over the place it's no big deal anymore."

When my wife and I separated, we went to court to fight for custody of the dog. I said, "Your Honor, I had Sex before I was married." The judged said, "The courtroom isn't a confessional. Stick to the case, please."

Then I told him that after I was married, Sex left me. He said, "Me, too."

Last night Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking around town for him. A cop came over to me and asked, "What are you doing in this alley at 4 o'clock in the morning?" I told him that I was looking for Sex. My case comes up Friday!

## ASK BETH

# I Get Excited by the Sight of Girls' Bare Feet

*BY BETH WINSHIP*

**DEAR BETH: I am a 14-year-old boy. I want to know if it is normal for me to become sexually excited by the sight of girls' wrestling or by girls' bare feet? I especially like girls with painted toenails. I fantasize about them and about the wrestlers, too. — D.J. in S.F.**

It's normal to get turned on by many different things and to fantasize about them, too. When you are young, and just learning about sexuality, fantasizing about it is especially prevalent, but most people continue to fantasize all their adult lives. Professionals in sexology feel that this is healthy and conducive to a good sex life.

Fantasies are only unhealthy when they interfere with normal life. Having a "fetish," being so turned on by objects like shoes, underwear etc., is only a problem if a person becomes so obsessed that he or she can't enjoy sex unless the fetish is involved. I doubt that you will develop these problems.

# OH BROTHER! GENDER-BENDING SIBLING IS THE 'SISTER' I DID NOT KNOW I HAD



Dear Meg

EVERY WEEK THE COLUMN WITH A HEART

**DEAR MEG: Last month, I paid a surprise visit to my brother, who is a college freshman in Boston. My parents wanted to know why they hadn't heard from him. I found out why: Andy dropped out of school and is living his life as a female.**

**Believe me, if I didn't know the truth, I'd have sworn he's a girl. Andy has long hair now and with his delicate features and small-boned frame, he makes a very pretty girl. But he swears he's not gay! How can that be?**

**We had a long, honest talk. Andy's not interested in surgery, but he truly wants to live his life as a woman. He asked me to think of him as a sister rather than a brother. No way can I ever do that.**

**What should I do? Warn Mom and Dad? Or try to convince Andy to see a doctor? If so, what kind of doctor? — Shocked sister, Washington, D.C.**

**DEAR SCHOCKED: I doubt Andy needs a doctor. He is a transvestite, or a cross-dresser. Cross-dressers get their kicks from dressing up in women's clothes, but they are rarely homosexual. In fact, most transvestites are married, prefer sex with women, and have children. (It's rare for gay men to be sexually excited by female clothing.) Nobody knows what causes transvestism.**

**Cross-dressers find sexual excitement by hiding their masculinity under women's clothing. They like the feeling of tricking people. But their secret is a strange one, so it can only be shared with a cooperative wife, a sympathetic girlfriend or an understanding member of the family, like you.**

**I would not try to keep Andy's secret from your parents, since they're going to find out anyway. His condition isn't dangerous, it's just weird.**

**There are books in your local library about transvestism. I suggest that you try to get one in order to prepare yourself for the folks.**

Recapping: South Bay Leather Daddy I Al Jones and his crew were overwhelmed by the big turnout for San Jose's first Closet Ball on April 29 at the Club St. John. They had six male contestants and one female (Connie Boy!) and a big turnout. Former Empress Toby and our own Zach Long did a terrific job MC'ing and in the end, a man weighing close to 300 lbs. by the name of David Sanchez (as Anita Mann) took the title.

San Jose should feel no shame or qualms about only having seven contestants. The first San Francisco Closet Ball in 1974 at the old Village in North Beach had the same number! The 2nd year, there were 26 contestants. Now that San Jose knows what the closet ball is all about, it should be a bigger party next year! Success — we love Success!!

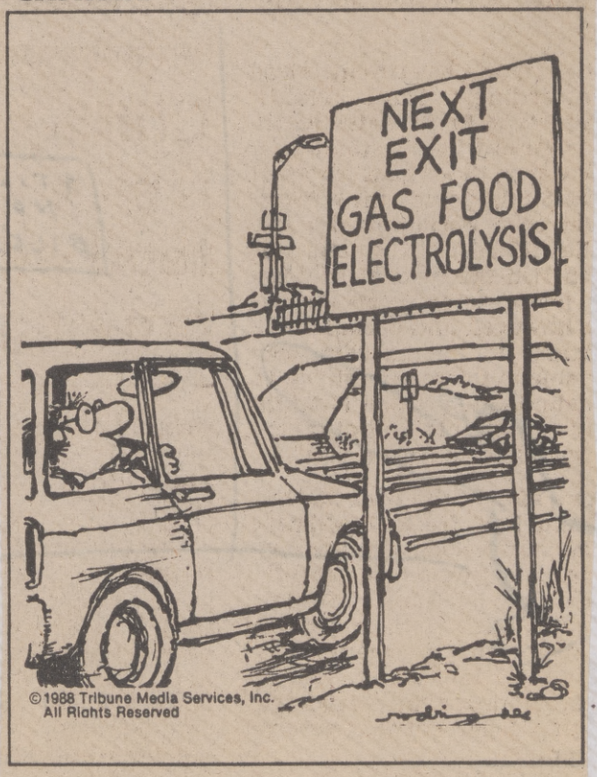
★ ★ ★





David Sanchez, as "Anita Mann," won the 1st Closet Ball competition in San Jose on April 29. (Photo: Marcus)

**CHARLIE**




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*I LOVE being a woman. You can cry. You get to wear pants now. If you're on a boat and it's going to sink, you get to go on the rescue boat first. You get to wear cute clothes. It must be a great thing, or so many men wouldn't be wanting to do it.* — ***Gilda Radner***

# Joan Collins lookalike winner was a MAN



**WE HAVE a winner in our Joan Collins look-alike contest — and a big surprise as well!**

As you'll remember, we asked you to choose between the three finalists in our contest and hundreds of our readers responded.

The overwhelming choice as the most convincing Joan Collins look-alike was stunning Charlene Pierce who bears an uncanny resemblance to the Dynasty superstar.

The EXAMINER contacted Charlene to tell her the good news and we got the surprise of our lives. Beautiful, sexy, alluring Charlene is no lady — she's not even a woman. Charlene is really Charles Pierce, a professional female impersonator.

Charlie confessed that he entered the contest to prove that he could easily pass for Dynasty's vixen.

He had good reason to believe he'd win. After all, he's been impersonating Joan on nightclub stages and wowing audiences with his sometimes naughty take-off on Joan.

"I started doing Joan at the suggestion of a friend who pointed out that Dynasty was so big and how Joan was on all the magazine covers," Charles told the EXAMINER's man in Hollywood, Paul Francis.

Joan came face to face with her impersonator at a Dean Martin Celebrity Roast where Pierce did his act.

"I was introduced as her long lost sister, Joanne. She was surprised to see me and everybody said she cracked up over my appearance," Pierce said.

"After the show I could tell she loved seeing me dressed up as her. She kept saying 'Oh Charles, you're too much, and I love it.'"

Despite his success as a female impersonator — he's posed as Bette Davis, Joan Crawford and Mae West, among others — he'd like to get back into playing roles as a man on stage.

"Now that more and more entertainers are getting into drag I'm thinking of dusting off my old tuxedo," he said.

— *PHIL BRENNAN*



## Which one of these lovelies looks most like sexy Joan?




**NO, YOU'RE not seeing three Joan Collinses — just three ladies who look like the famed Dynasty star.**

They're the finalists picked from the hundreds of entries in our Joan Collins Lookalike contest first announced in the EXAMINER's Febru-

***SURPRISE! SURPRISE! When we asked our readers to pick a winner (lower left) it turned out to be Charlene Pierce (right). Charlene also turned out to be 'Charles' (above).***



## Ann Landers



### Dad's a lady

DEAR ANN LANDERS: I am a divorced mother, raising a 6-year-old daughter, keeping house and home together by working two jobs.

My daughter has not seen her father for two years. Yes, he disappeared but it's much more complicated than that. He has undergone hormone therapy and had surgery to become a woman. According to his parents he now calls himself Ramona. I don't know his/her whereabouts and his family won't tell me. I get $100 for child support every month, through his father.

I had no inkling that my husband was not normal until he announced one day that he wanted a divorce so he could get out of the male body in which he was trapped and become a woman.

What shall I tell my daughter? She is angry and hurt that her father has abandoned her. He sends cards signed "dad" on Christmas and for her birthday. (No gifts.) There is no other contact. Of course, I can't tell her why dad isn't around. When she asks why he doesn't come to see her I just say "I don't know."

The child is becoming depressed and hostile and needs therapy. But how can I put her in therapy without telling her the truth?

When, if ever, should she be told? Please give me some advice. — St. Louis Woman

Dear St. Louis: I hope you will find a suitable therapist for your child at once. She need not be told anything about her father's disappearance until the therapist decides she can handle it. Meanwhile, chin up. This isn't exactly a piece of cake for you either.

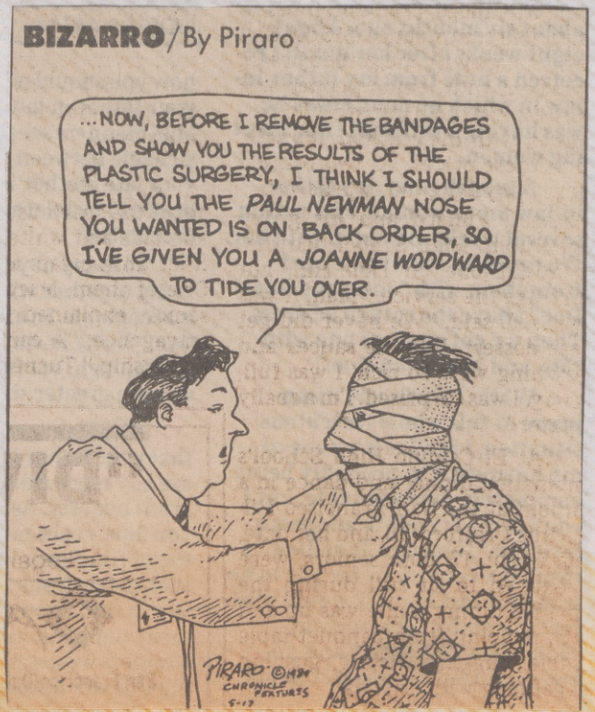
**DEAR ABBY:** If you think an insensitive pharmacist can cause humiliation, listen to this: I am a 62-year-old male. I had an appointment to see a urologist who shared an office with several other doctors in a large clinic with one central desk. The waiting room was the size of a small auditorium, and it was filled with patients.

I approached the desk and gave my name to the receptionist — a large, imposing woman who looked like a wrestler. In a very loud voice, she repeated my name, then said, "Yes, I see your name here — you want to see the doctor about IMPOTENCE, right?"

I was stunned but recovered my composure sufficiently to reply in an equally loud voice, "No, I've come to inquire about a sex-change operation — and I'd like the same doctor who did yours."

— NAMELESS IN GAINESVILLE, FLA.

**BIZARRO**/By Piraro






THE LAW of Phoenix is simple and explicit on this: If you're a man and you want to go to town, you've got to wear pants.

# EVENTS

*Sports/Lectures/Readings*

## EVENTS

### TODAY

**SPORTS AND BOAT SHOW** — Opens at 1 p.m., Cow Palace. Continues through January 15.

**INTERNATIONAL BOAT AND RV SHOW** — 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Moscone Center. Continues weekdays from noon to 10 p.m., Saturday from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. through January 15.

**CAFE WALK** — Tour past the mansions of Pacific Heights, 10 a.m. Call 751-4286.

**ANTIQUE SHOW** — Noon to 10 p.m., San Mateo County Fairgrounds, Delaware and 25th Street. Continues Thursday through Saturday. Also next Sunday from noon to 6 p.m.

**STAMP/COIN/BASEBALL CARD SHOW** — 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Holiday Inn, intersection of Interstates 580 and 680, Pleasanton. Free.

**TOUR** — Docent-led tours of the Marin Museum of the American Indian are offered at 1:30 p.m. at Miwok Park, 2200 Novato Boulevard, Novato. Free.

**BIRD WALK** — 9 a.m., S.F. Bay National Wildlife Refuge, Thornton Avenue, one mile south of the Dumbarton Bridge toll plaza, Newark. Free.

**TEDDY BEAR AND DOLL SHOW** — 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Hyatt Hotel, 1740 North First Street, San Jose.

### MONDAY

**PERFORMING CENTER TOURS** — Every half-hour, 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., tours start at the Grove Street entrance to Davies Symphony Hall and include Herbst Theater and the Opera House. Tours of Davies Hall only are offered Wednesdays at 1:30 and 2:30 p.m. and Saturdays at 12:30 and 1:30 p.m. No tours on holidays. Call 552-8338.

### TUESDAY

**TOUR** — Visits to medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and nursing reseach areas, 1 p.m., Campus Visitor Center, Medical Sciences building lobby, UC San Francisco, 513 Parnassus Avenue. Free.

### THURSDAY

**MOTORSPORTS SHOW** — Race cars, motorcycles, airplanes and boats are among the items of display, 5 to 11 p.m., Santa Clara Convention Center, Santa Clara. Continues Friday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. and next Sunday from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

### SATURDAY

**MARTIN LUTHER KING CELEBRATION** — Demonstrations by the Merionettes Synchronized Swim Team, Barbara Lynn speaks, 11:30 a.m., Martin Luther King Swimming Pool, Third Street and Carroll Avenue.

**CAFE WALK** — Tour of North Beach/Russian Hill with visits to three cafes, meet at 10 a.m. at Cafe Roma, 414 Columbus. Call 751-4286.

**CROSS DRESSING COTILLION** — Transvestites and transexuals will compete in evening gowns, bathing suits and a talent competition, 7 p.m. to midnight, California Club, 1750 Clay Street.

**GREAT AMERICAN TRAIN SHOW** — Model train layouts, 1 to 7 p.m., Oakland Coliseum. Also next Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**COMPUTER SHOW** — 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Oakland Convention Center, near 12th and Broadway, Oakland.

**DOLL AND TOY SHOW** — 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, Tully Road, San Jose. 459-1998

**CONCERT** — The Castleers perform in a celebration of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, 1 p.m., Martin Luther King Jr. Branch Library, 1833 East 14th Street, Oakland.



Simeon Traw, Stanley Boyd, Phoebe Planters and Loretta Swish were all at Miss ETVC Cotillion 1989 at Union Hall. (Photo: Jennifer)



Evelyn Harlow, newly-elected outreach co-chair, was on hand at Miss ETVC Cotillion 1989. (Photo: Jennifer)

# Entertainer's Secret — He Was a She

*Associated Press*

Spokane

**A jazz performer whose high notes entertained night-club-goers in Western states for decades was a woman, but her fans and adopted sons never knew until her recent death, a funeral director said Tuesday.**

Donald Ball, director of Ball & Dodd Funeral Home, confirmed that Billy Tipton, who lived as a man before dying last month at age 74, was a woman.

Ball said he privately informed Jon Clark, one of Tipton's three adopted sons, that his "father" was really female so that Clark would not have to learn it from the death certificate.

"I was just trying to break it to him gently," Ball said. "I just didn't want him to find out in a public office. It's been a very difficult thing to handle."

"I'm just lost," Clark told a local newspaper. He said he learned the truth last Wednesday, four days after Tipton died of a bleeding ulcer.

"He'll always be Dad," Clark said. "But I think that he should

*Back Page Col. 5*

Thursday, February 2, 1989

# ENTERTAINER'S SECRET

From Page 1

have left something behind for us, something that would have explained the truth."

### Why the Change

According to information provided to funeral directors by Kitty Oakes, the woman Tipton identified as his wife, Tipton was born Dec. 29, 1914, in Oklahoma City and raised in Kansas City, Mo.

Tipton apparently decided to transform his sexual identity in order to have a career as a musician during an era when performing in a swing band was strictly for men, the Spokesman-Review newspaper reported on Tuesday.

"No one knew," Oakes, who separated from Tipton 10 years ago, told the newspaper.

"He gave up everything," Oakes said. "There were certain rules and regulations in those days if you were going to be a musician."

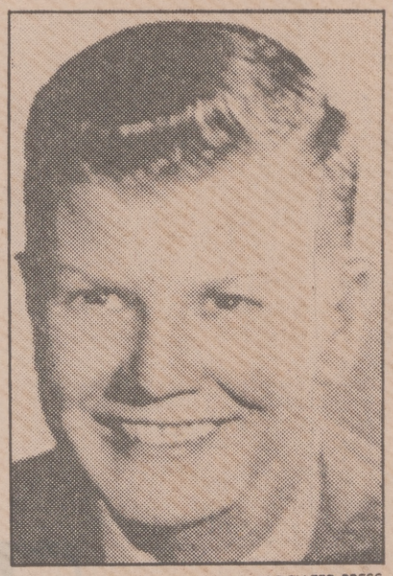
### 'Fantastic Person'

She refused to talk about her life with Tipton, saying that he died with the secret and that she wanted to respect his memory.

"The real story about Billy Tipton doesn't have anything to do with gender. He was a fantastic, almost marvelous, and generous person," she said.

Tipton, a saxophone and piano player, performed with the Jack Teagarden, Russ Carlyle and Scott Cameron bands, then formed the Billy Tipton Trio in the 1950s and played nightclubs throughout the West.

Dick O'Neil, who played drums with the trio for 10 years after Tipton hired him in 1951, recalled that in the trio's early days, some listeners made cracks about Tipton's baby face and high singing voice.



BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

BILLY TIPTON
**He sang in a high voice**

"But I would almost fight anybody who said that," O'Neil said. "I never suspected a thing."

Clark and Scott Miller, 27, Tipton's oldest adopted son, said they had normal father-son relationships with Tipton, who, Miller said, died broke and tired.

"Now I know why I couldn't get him to a doctor," Miller said. "He had so much to protect, and I think he was just tired . . . of keeping the secret."

"You can imagine the pressure he lived with," Clark said. "Who knows? Maybe that's what gave him the ulcer that ended up killing him."



Associated Press

## Full dress rehearsal

Oh, look! There's our hero **Phil Donahue** . . . just as we've always imagined him. If you were alert Wednesday, you caught him thusly attired for his show on cross-dressing. You saw him talk with cross-dresser **Melody**, shown here in full glitter, and you got to see the transvestite fashion show. One thing you have to say for Donahue: He has the industry's most democratic program director.

# My singing star hubby was a woman–& I never knew it

Star
FEBRUARY 21, 1989 75¢

## WIFE TELLS HOW 'HE' FOOLED HER–& THEIR 3 KIDS–FOR 20 YEARS

WORLD EXCLUSIVE



Kitty and Billy Tipton at their 1962 wedding



WIFE'S INCREDIBLE STORY OF 20-YEAR MARRIAGE

# MY HUSBAND WAS

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

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Kitty and Billy at their wedding on St. Patrick's Day, 1962.



The family man: Billy grins at the camera with Kitty and adopted sons Scott (l) and John astride a pony. Says Kitty: "Billy loved our boys and could never say no to them."

'Billy told me his terrible secret . . . he'd been in a car crash that had crushed his lower body'

TO JAZZ MUSICIAN WITH A DARK, DARK SECRET . . .

# A WOMAN—AND I NEVER KNEW





Billy (with eldest son John) threw himself into fatherhood with enthusiasm. But his lack of discipline with the kids was behind the breakdown of his marriage to Kitty.

'I never saw Billy naked in all our years together'

**■ WHEN jazz musician and singer Billy Tipton died on Jan. 28 at age 74, he left an ex-wife, three adopted sons and friends from coast to coast. But the grieving family got a horrible shock two days later when doctors revealed Billy was really a woman — a secret he had tried to take to the grave. Here, exclusively in STAR, is the incredible and touching story of Billy Tipton's lifetime masquerade, told by his wife, the mother of his three sons — a woman who believed she'd been married to a man for more than 20 years.**

By Kitty Tipton Oakes

OH, BILLY! You poor baby. How you must have suffered — but I bet you're having a glorious laugh on us all now! That was my reaction when I learned the truth.

As incredible as it may sound, my husband was a woman — and I never knew. I spent more than 20 years as Billy's wife and helpmate — and to the day he died he hid his real identity from everyone, including me and our three sons. But I wouldn't trade one day of my life with Billy — the most loving and caring person I'll ever meet.

Billy was already an established musician and head of the Billy Tipton Trio when we met in 1959 in Spokane, Wash. I was a showgirl and exotic dancer new in town. He had performed with jazz greats such as Cab Calloway and Ella Fitzgerald and was making his own records.

We were introduced by our mutual agent, Dave Sobol. I was recently divorced and recovering from radical cancer surgery. Basically, I was just trying to rebuild my life when Billy walked into it and changed things forever. I'd catch Billy's show and we'd run into each other backstage at Tin Pan Alley, the nightclub where we worked. For months we'd exchange hellos and chitchat during our breaks. Billy was so easy to talk to and always so interesting.

One night after my show, I was in my dressing room taking off my makeup. When I looked up, there was Billy with a mile-wide grin. He asked me how I was, then suddenly cupped my face in his hands and kissed me. "I'll talk to you later," he said before dashing out.

My jaw dropped. I was stunned. A week later, I was leaving the club and there was Billy again. He asked me if he could give me a ride home. On the way, we stopped at a lookout with an incredible view of the city. We talked for hours, and the more we talked the more things we found we had in common. We both loved Ella and Nat King Cole. Billy loved the outdoors and so did I. I loved animals and flowers and gardening and so did Billy. He was so comfortable to be with — and always a perfect gentleman. I was used to guys coming on with both barrels.

That night while we parked, Billy took both my hands in his and told me he intended to make me his wife. There was no flirting. He didn't even try to make a pass. He just held my hands and told me he planned to marry me.

Frankly, I didn't know what to think. His proposal came like a bolt from the blue. Of course, I couldn't give him an answer. I wasn't ready for a relationship, let alone marriage. But part of me had already fallen in love with Billy.

□□□

*Kitty's red hair still glows. She's 55 but it's easy to imagine her as a 20-year-old singer and dancer. In those days Spokane was a real showbiz town. Kitty can still see them, the old gang, sitting around a coffee table, shooting the breeze. There'd be her and Billy, maybe a couple of the other boys in the band, a reporter or two. Often they'd be joined at the table by their pal the female impersonator who worked the same club circuit. Though nobody could have known it then, Billy had more in common with that impersonator than he cared to reveal.*

□□□

I went on tour for the next few months. I needed time to think, but waiting for me at every stop was a letter from Billy. They were warm and wonderful and each had a special message of how much he cared for me. He told me how calm I made him and said that whenever I was with him his worries were gone.

I arrived back in Spokane more confused than ever. I admitted to myself I had strong feelings for Billy. But I also had to come to terms with a secret I had kept from him. Extensive uterine cancer surgery had saved my life, but it eliminated the possibility of me ever having children. In fact the operation was so radical doctors advised me to abstain from sex until I had completely recovered. After the operation I had no interest in sex and I certainly wasn't looking for a mate.

Finally, I told Billy the whole story. I explained I wasn't capable of being a real woman — and at that point I felt more like an "it" rather than a "she." In



**Dressing up again: Billy poses as a Santa Claus.**



**Billy watches a TV performance with fellow "jazzmen" Ron Kilde (l) and Dick O'Neil.**

my heart I didn't think he'd stick around. But Billy held me in his arms and told me my physical problems didn't matter.

That's when he confided his own "secret." He told that he had been in a terrible car crash. A car engine literally dropped on his lap and crushed him from the ribs down to his genital area.

Ever since that accident, he said, he had to wear an elastic binder around his chest at all times for support. Billy said the accident also required him to wear a heavy elastic surgical truss underneath his bulky boxer undershorts.



**Billy fell for Kitty when she was a sultry exotic dancer and he was a successful musician.**

In fact, he wore both of those garments until the day he died. He ordered them from surgical supply houses and I washed them thousands of times. Little did I know they were part of an elaborate plan to conceal his womanhood.

Billy convinced me that despite our problems we were meant to be together. He told me: "Nothing matters right now but you and I. What counts is what's inside us. Other people won't have to know anything. I need someone in my life. I need you."

There was an attraction between us, but it wasn't physical. I was attracted to his gentle warmth and compassion. One afternoon, while my mother was visiting from San Francisco, the three of us were sitting on the couch talking.

Suddenly, Billy reached across me and grabbed my mother's hand. Then he knelt and told her: "Help me to convince your daughter to marry me. I'll protect her and cherish her. I'll even put up with her nasty old disposition!"

Then he looked up at me and said pleadingly: "Please marry me." Well, how could any woman resist that? Besides, he'd won over my mother!

I never regretted it. The next day came a bouquet of roses and a diamond engagement ring. We were married on St. Patrick's Day, 1962 by a Justice of the Peace in Spokane. We didn't want any fuss. From there we went right to work, where our friends surprised us with a champagne reception.

We had no time for a honeymoon and our lives didn't change drastically after we married. There was no sex between us — ever.

In fact, I never saw Billy naked in all our years together. He was private and discreet in everything he did. He gave me my privacy in the bathroom, and I gave him his.

We couldn't have sex and we knew it. I wouldn't have married him if it had made a difference. We went into the marriage knowing this.

□□□

*Kitty lights a cigarette as she recalls Billy's favorite meal — her special spaghetti with that great Sicilian sauce. Kitty also recalls the hot summer days when he'd mow their lawn, then grab a bottle of beer from the fridge and sit on the back porch to drink it. Just one, mind you. A tear comes to Kitty's eye and she falls silent. Her hands reach across the table and Billy Jr., 19,*

**Continued on Page 8**

**Continued from Page 8**

loved staying at home and being a housewife. Billy was quite handy around the house. He mowed the lawn, took out the trash and helped the kids with homework just like all the dads on our block. A sports nut, he loved college football and was a diehard Oklahoma State fan.

He was a good provider and often worked six days a week. On his day off, there would be Billy outside in the yard tossing the football or shooting baskets with one of the kids. Billy drew the line at swimming. Now I know why. He said he loved to swim before his accident but with the support and binder he couldn't go in the water.

He always wore baggy clothes. Obviously this was another clue to his real identity. But wearing baggy clothes doesn't make you a woman. If there were other signs Billy wasn't a man, I guess I just didn't see them.

This wasn't a campy woman trying to be a man. He shaved daily and went to a barber each month for his usual trim. He bought his clothes at a men's store. Our social life was like most married couples. Billy was a terrific dancer, but with three kids there was little time for dancing.

Looking back, in his quiet and gentle way Billy was a better man than many of the macho men born with

# WIFE NEVER KNEW HUSBAND WAS A WOMAN

the right equipment. But there also was an air of mystery to him, and he told me very little about his past.

He said he was born in Oklahoma City and reared in St. Louis. I knew he had been married twice before and that his ex-wives names were Betty and Marianne. He offered very little detail on either one, and being divorced myself I never wanted to pry.

He told me there were things he'd rather not talk about and I said OK. I don't care how strange it sounds because he never questioned me about my life before I met him. I always figured if there was something he wanted me to know he would tell me.

He said he had a mother, a stepfather, a brother and some aunts. If he heard from any of them during our marriage, he never told me. When our first son was just a baby, Billy went to his mother's funeral. He said very little about it on his return and I could only respect his privacy.

There was one story he told about his childhood which may have had more of an impact on him than any of us realized. Billy told me: "I remember sitting at the piano and practicing and looking out the window at other kids playing outside. Part of me wanted to be out with them, but I knew then and there if I wanted to be really good I'd have to make some sacrifices."

I think Billy wanted to be really good at his music, even if it meant sacrificing his own identity.

Once the masquerade began I think he outgrew the person he was and gradually became the man we knew and loved. It's a pity we didn't know all of Billy, not just the side he wanted us to see.

□□□

*Kitty cruises past the glittering marquees of Broadway. She's on a lightning visit to Noo Yawk, the city she left more years ago than she cares to remember, and the old trouper in her won't let her leave without a ride down the Great White Way. She passes the theater where* Cats *is playing. She spots the signs for* Phantom of the Opera *and* Les Miserables. *They'd be great, but there's one show she really wants to see —* M. Butterfly, *the true story of a man who falls in love with an actress, only to learn after a 19-year romance that his lover is a man.*

□□□

Our marriage began to unravel as the kids got older. Billy loved our boys and could never say no to them. I was the disciplinarian. When we started having trouble with the kids, we started having trouble in the marriage. Our older boys had fallen into a bad crowd and it was taking a toll. I finally had to put my foot down and ask the boys to move out — and from that point on Billy was lost.

A part of him felt that we had failed them — and he never could adjust to them being out and on their own. Finally, in 1981 Billy moved out and got his own place. His plan was to straighten out the boys once and for all and then have us all together again as the happy family we once were. Unfortunately, that never happened, and about a year later we were divorced.

Billy and I remained good friends and we always had the children as our link.

The last time I saw him was a few weeks before he died. His health was failing, but he refused to see a doctor. Billy tried to keep up his usual brave and cheery front but I could tell he was fading.

The last thing he said to me was: "You're still precious to me. You know I'll always love you." And a part of me will always love Billy.□



TIME, FEBRUARY 13, 1989



Tipton, center: not your average jazzman

MUSIC

## A Secret Song

Jazz musician Billy Tipton never gave his Social Security number to his booking agent. He never went swimming with his three adopted sons. Though he became seriously ill, he never visited a doctor. Last week, four days after Tipton, 74, died from a bleeding ulcer in Spokane, a funeral director told one of the musician's sons the reason for his odd behavior: Tipton was a woman.

A gifted pianist and saxophonist, Tipton apparently began his sexual masquerade during the Big Band era of the 1930s, when women sang but were seldom allowed to play instruments. "He gave up everything," said Kitty Oakes, the woman Tipton claimed was his wife for 19 years. "There were certain rules and regulations in those days if you were going to be a musician." Musicians who played with Tipton would remark on his youthful appearance, but never suspected his ruse. "Mentally he was a father," said one son, Scott Miller. "He was always there for us." ■

(Details on Page A2)

Vol. 89 No. 16 ★★★★ SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1989

# Polishing a Super Bowl image



Times Photo by Mike Russell

It's Super Bowl week and everybody wants to get into the act. Lynne Ebneter, owner of Nails by Lynne E. in Burlingame, has jumped in with an unusual display of Forty Niner fever with what she calls her "Super Bowl nails." She'll wear them Sunday.



BY DEANNE FITMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

Drag queens Doris Fish (center), Miss X (left) and Tippi strut their stuff at the Victoria Theater

# 'Sluts-A-Go-Go' — Not Just Another Bunch of Pretty Faces

*By Mick LaSalle*
*Chronicle Staff Critic*

**Would-be avant-garde audiences in this town are such pushovers that all a performer has to do to become known in San Francisco is be outrageous. Guys who simulate intercourse with images of themselves on TV screens, or who get on stage in their underwear and throw salami at the audience, are actually taken seriously here by intelligent people terrified of being regarded as dense or intolerant.**

Against this background, it's especially refreshing to come across outrageous local performers who also are good — consistently good.

Doris Fish, Miss X and Tippi are three local drag queens who have been kicking around San Francisco for some years now in a troupe called Sluts A-Go-Go. They're funny. They make an audience feel welcome. Their female impersonations are well-observed, detailed and, oddly enough, almost loving. And they can act.

Saturday night they were the headline performers at the Victoria Theater in "Sluts A-Go- Go Still Alive!" The four-hour show, which sold out at $30 and $50 per ticket, was a post-production fund-raiser for "Vegas in Space," a futuristic comedy film starring the trio and directed by Phillip R. Ford, a former San Francisco State University film student and a plain-clothes member of the Sluts ensemble.

As far as home-grown benefits go, it was a classy affair, with lavish costumes, original choreography and over 30 acts. Scrumbly Koldewyn, on keyboards, led a five-piece orchestra, and the arrangements were simple and nice. There were no glitches. Even those times the audience yelled "Encore," the performers had the sense to vacate the stage for the next act.

Ford and Fish, the film's producers — in other words, they're paying for it — came on stage early in the show and introduced a clip from "Vegas in Space." Fish was dressed in a white tailcoat, and Fish was decked out like Marie Antoinette.

The movie, if it ever gets done, looks like the kind of thing they'll send me to review — about Earth women of the 23rd century who arrive on an all-female planet to perform a Vegas-style lounge act for the queen. "Vegas in Space" seems like a lot of fun, and the little I saw makes me curious to see the rest.

The most enjoyable parts of Saturday's program were the songs and bits taken from previous Sluts A-Go-Go shows. Fish, Miss X and Tippi make you feel as though

*Page E2 Col. 4*

# 'Sluts' Are Outrageous And Talented

From Page E1

you're being welcomed into some kind of dress-up show in the attic.

They complement each other. Fish is the hard sophisticate. X is the tough-but-gentle Lauren Bacall-type. And Tippi is the most adept actor, a natural comedian who can fill a range of roles and types.

They did a handful of funny song parodies. Tippi sang "Oldfinger," from the standpoint of a woman who is revolted at the touch of her sugar daddy. ("He's so old!/So hideously old!") Miss X sang a new version of "There Are Worse Things I Can Do," in which she explains to her father why she chose drag: "I could do a show where no one laughed/Say 'I'm working on my craft'/Draw an audience of two/ That's a thing I'd never do."

Other "Sluts" acts included spoofs of "Valley of the Dolls" and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Together Tippi and X, both in the same dress, played Martha as a two-headed monster, trading insults with George, played by Phillip R. Ford.

It was a generous show. Comedian Marga Gomez did a couple of sets. Connie Champagne, who has a powerful voice, belted out two songs, "You Only Live Twice" and "Theme from 'Valley of the Dolls.'" Ford, moving his lips to Elvis recordings, did a mildly amusing impersonation of the chicken-suited Presley on the decline. What wasn't good you could at least sit through.

The evening wasn't a total success. Lori Naslund, Lu Read, Janice Sukaitis and Carmela Carlyle did an overly long skit, in which they played women trying to raise money on a religious TV-show for poverty-stricken drag queens. It was a premise that went nowhere and in places bordered on offensive. Mother Theresa was presented alongside Tammy Bakker, a rather inappropriate pairing, and there was even an Armenian earthquake joke.

Not funny. Not yet.

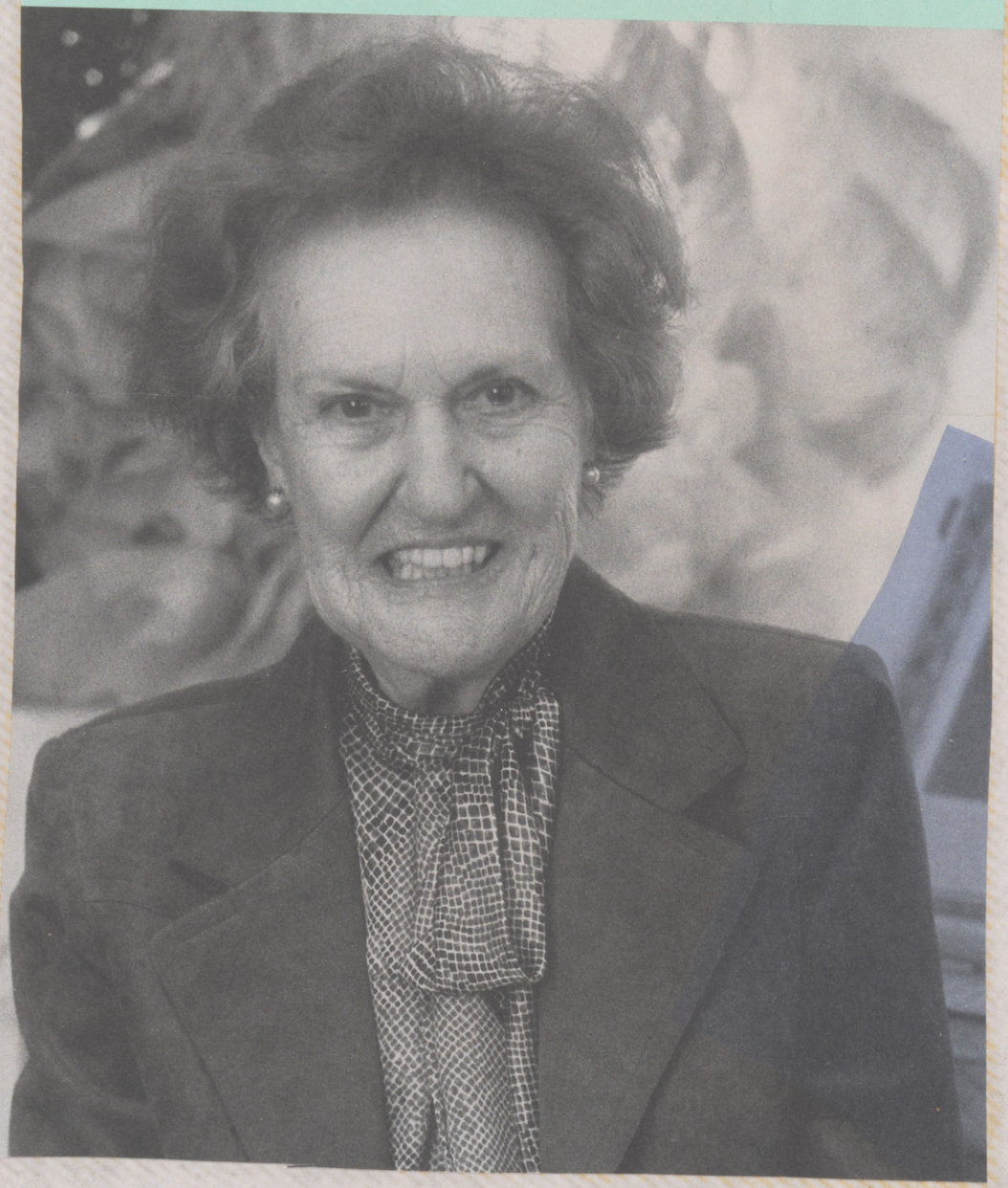
San Francisco Chronicle

A 18 ☆☆☆

Wednesday, August 30, 1989



# Eve Finocchio
# Keeping it in the Family



Some people might find running a world-famous nightclub stressful, but not Eve Finocchio, matriarch of Finocchio's, the female impersonator club on Broadway that also happens to have the longest running nightclub show in the world. "I work to relax," says Finocchio. "That is your best medicine – you have to always be occupied with something. For exercise, I enjoy taking long walks with my Norwegian Elkhound, Aquarius, but my mind is always thinking – even when I'm not at the club, my mind often is."

Finocchio took primary responsibility for the club 3½ years ago, following the death of her husband, Joe Finocchio, who started the club 50 years earlier. Finocchio's received a Gold Award honoring 50 years of quality entertainment from the Council on Entertainment and a proclamation from the mayor of San Francisco hailing the occasion. " 'Mister' didn't quite make it for the anniversary," says Finocchio. "But he would have loved it."

An Italian immigrant who arrived in this country at the age of 14, Joe Finocchio's first job at the produce market paid $2 a week. Later, he opened a small bar at the corner of Stockton and Sutter Streets. "The patrons actually started the show," says Finocchio. "It's just an idea that clicked. They started dressing up – like a fun play – and by word of mouth, it spread. Soon, 'Mister' realized they were coming for the boys, not the booze. So he got this spot on Broadway and started producing big shows, and we've been here ever since.

"People came to see all the fabulous costumes and sequined gowns. Sophie Tucker used to come all the time, and she had some wonderful outfits that she used to give to the cast. Now they mostly have them made – they have to, to fit their bodies – and then they add the foam rubber and so forth," she smiles. "If you saw them at the end of the evening when they take off their costumes, you'd say, 'Oh my god, put back the dress!' "

*(Continued on page 2)*



*(Eve Finocchio...continued from cover)*

"The entertainers all perform according to their own talents, whether they're singers, dancers or comedians," says Finocchio. "We have a cast of 14 and they're all pretty! But the club has always maintained a certain dignity. There's nothing you could be offended by; you could bring your great-grandmother!

" 'Mister' always went for volume rather than overcharging people, and Finocchio's is still one of the best entertainment bargains in town. People from World War II are still coming back, and they remember 'Mister' always bought the uniformed men a drink. There's not a week goes by that someone doesn't bring you a bit of nostalgia.

"When 'Mister' first started, this used to be a real celebrity spot – actors, directors – they'd all come up from Hollywood. You name 'em and we've had them – not to mention kings and queens and princesses. You don't know the pictures I have of all the celebrities who have been through these doors. We've had Rita Hayworth, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Buddy Rogers, Milton Berle, John Wayne, Ava Gardner, Robert Montgomery. Bob Hope used to come all the time. So did Lana Turner. Martha Raye still comes up. 'Mister' used to have all their pictures on display in the lobby, but people would congregate there, so we had to take them down. We still get a lot of local celebrities and stars

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(Eve Finocchio...continued from page 2)*

who are visiting San Francisco or passing through with a show. Jose Canseco was in here the other night with his uncle."

Finocchio notes that the nightclub seems to appeal to people from all over. "We get people from the Midwest, New York, Australia, Europe, Japan and Korea," she says. "They come from all over. And, of course we always get the ones who just turned 21, and bachelor and bachelorette parties. Then there are the regulars who come in all the time and bring their friends. Every New Year's Eve I look forward to seeing this couple. They have been coming in for the past 15 years, and they're always the first at the door. They stay for all three shows and then we don't see them again until the next New Year's Eve.

"The club is all family-run, and I think that's integral to the success of the club," indicates Finocchio. "My sisters and brother all used to work here, and my daughter and four grandchildren are all very much a part of the operation. But somebody's got to mind the store – and that's me.

"You've got to be dedicated to what you're doing," she concludes. "Some may say 'that's old hat,' but sometimes old hat works. It's worked all these years – something must be going right!"





**Milton Berle and Bob Hope in drag for a comedy sketch**

# Skirts relieve business blues

## Strict Japanese culture prompts some to cross-dress

By Peter Waldman
WALL STREET JOURNAL

*Why are his trousers vermilion?*
*Why does he claim he's Castilian?*
*Why do his friends call him . . .*
*Lilian?*

— Stephen Sondheim

TOKYO — Futaba tried on his first dress — his mother's — two years ago. And ever since then the 25-year-old computer programmer has been wearing women's clothing three nights a week.

Akeme, a 48-year-old trading-company executive, says he fought off the temptation for years but finally gave in to skirts and stockings last May.

Sayuri, worried about shocking his wife and children, indulged this passion for seven years alone in hotel rooms. "It was a lonely life before the Elizabeth Club opened up," he says. Like all patrons at this 9-year-old establishment, he uses a woman's pseudonym. "Here, we can relax."

### Craving escape

The Elizabeth Club is in the heart of Tokyo's frenetic Akihabara district, the busiest electronics marketplace in the world. It caters to businessmen from all over Japan seeking refuge from the gray mood and blue suits of a drab, male corporate culture. Inside, dozens of restless males outfit their alter egos in a huge selection of women's clothing, while they sit and chat in their favorite female roles.

But the Elizabeth Club is not a gay bar. Indeed, most of its members are "typical married men," says the club's manager, Yumi Kataoka. "Homosexuals go to their own bars in other parts of town."



The club represents a reaction against the peculiarly Japanese code of conformity and hard work that restricts the lives of this country's salaried people. "I feel so much lighter as a woman than as a man," says Maiko, a 26-year-old bookbinder.

Members who aren't married say they are looking for wives. Kyomi, 36, who is striking in deep-blue eye shadow and a white blouse, says he is eager to find a mate, but only "an ideal Japanese woman — someone who is traditional, kind, obedient, gentle and caring."

So far, he says, he has found "no prettier girl" than himself.

The club, open seven nights a week, draws 400 to 500 visitors a month, says Kataoka, the manager. Its 600 regular members pay annual dues of 5,000 yen (less than $35), plus a door charge of 4,000 yen a visit. That buys them access to everything they need for an evening's metamorphosis, including makeup applied by trained beauticians and a complete selection of padded bras and spike heels.

The club also maintains a wardrobe of more than 200 outfits, which it rents for fees ranging from 1,000 yen for a schoolgirl's frock to more than 10,000 yen for a sequined wedding gown.

### Big men's lacy lingerie

This all started a decade ago when a Tokyo gravestone salesman

— See **SALARY**, D-16

**Ernie** ☐ **Bud Grace**



# SALARY

— From D-1

named Minoru Tanaka, now 48, learned from his wife, an employee of a lingerie shop, that there existed a large, untapped underground market for oversized garments. Tanaka and his wife soon opened a women's-clothing boutique — for men.

A year later, a customer suggested to them that they provide space for their clientele to change clothes and to mingle, and the Elizabeth Club was born.

The establishment built up its membership with the help of aggressive advertising, mostly in sports and business publications and on late-night TV. Today, the club spends 3 million yen a month on ads.

In addition, the Tanakas publish Japan's only cross-dressing magazine, a monthly journal called Queen that reaches 5,000 subscribers.

Cross-dressing isn't new to Japan. Ever since a prudish shogun banned women from the stage 400 years ago, the leading *oyama* — male actors who specialize in playing female roles in Kabuki theater — have held celebrity status here. Indeed, many Japanese regard the best of these female impersonators as the essence of femininity.

Since early in this century, women of all ages have been packing the Tokyo and Osaka theaters of the Takarazuka Review, an all-female troupe that pleases its screaming audiences with tales of cowboys, pirates and samurai.

But to the dismay of Elizabeth Club members, what passes as good, clean fun on stage is shunned in real life. Most club members hide their pastime from family and friends, choosing to live double lives.

"Away from here, I'm a perfectly normal man," says Akeme, the trading-company executive. "Sure, I've tried on my wife's clothes once or twice, but I would never tell her. She wouldn't understand."

Another member, Saeko, who won't divulge his age but says he fought in World War II, was less cautious. He says that years ago he outraged his wife when he admitted to using his private room in their home for cavorting in women's clothing.

'I've been doing it all my life," he says. "It helps me stay young."

Once a year, some club members do show off in public, when 60 or so travel by chartered bus to a hot springs resort or Buddhist temple for a special weekend outing. They try to avoid crowds, but as any visitor to this country can attest, that's almost impossible. "People giggle and pretend not to notice us," says Futaba, the young computer programmer.

Mariko takes his cross-dressing more seriously than some others do. To him, his weekly romps at the Elizabeth Club are less flights of fancy than they are protests against what he sees as the cruel world of Japanese malehood.

"Marriage life isn't fair," he says. "Men have to earn money and uphold the family's dignity, while women can relax and play tennis every day."

Mariko, who says he first thought about cross-dressing at age 10, recently told his mother about his interest and also mentioned that he never wants to get married.

He says his mother "just listened."

Lyrics from the song "The Boy from . . . ." Music by Mary Rodgers, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, written for the musical revue "The Mad Show" in 1966.

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# Doctor Wants Another Sex Change

*Associated Press*

Sedalia, Mo.

**A respected pediatrician who underwent sex change surgery to become a woman 11 years ago wants to become a man again.**

"I was born male and I was raised male, and I feel like that's the way I'll feel most contented," said Dr. Janis Ashley, one of two practicing pediatricians in Sedalia.

Ashley, 38, has refused to talk to reporters after she disclosed in an interview published Tuesday in the Sedalia Democrat that she was a man until her 1978 sex change operation — and wants to be a man once again. The revelation caused a major stir in this central Missouri town of 21,000 people.

Ashley apologized to the town and said she wants to continue her practice in Sedalia.

"This topic has the potential to be a flare point. . . . I'm sorry for that and for giving this town or any part of the community any unwanted notoriety," she said.

Ashley has a 4-year-old adopted son, Michael, and conceded that he might be confused about her changing sexuality. She is taking male hormones and said she will not undergo reconstructive surgery right away.

"I tell Michael I am his mommy and I will always be his mommy, but I'm also his daddy," Ashley said. "I am his mother, his parent — whatever you call it — that emotional attachment will be the same."

Ashley was married before deciding at age 25 to become a woman. The marriage ended in divorce.

# Straight Guys Dress as Gals at Tokyo's Wackiest Club!



**HARD-WORKING JAPANESE MEN** unwind at the bizarre Elizabeth Club, where they dress as women and wear makeup.

**It's the wackiest men's club in Tokyo — an ah-so bizarre establishment where men with a yen to dress like women say "sayonara" to their ties and trousers . . . and go gung ho for wearing high heels and cocktail dresses!**

Welcome to the Elizabeth Club, where "Shogun" meets "Tootsie."

High-powered businessmen, computer engineers, salesmen, even police officers make up the club's 6,000 members. They are not gay, but all of them have one thing in common: They can't say no to slipping into a kimono, a bridal gown or a Playboy bunny outfit.

They dance, listen to music, participate in "best-dressed" contests — and generally show off their fanciest fashions to the other guys who crowd into the club, located in the heart of Tokyo's bustling electronics center.

the club, a 40ish executive could be heard lying: "I'm at the train station. I'm on my way home now."

What he DIDN'T mention was that he was wearing a girl's high school uniform and had a scarf draped over his shoulders.

"The men are straight," said a source at the club. Many are ordinary businessmen.

"Ordinarily, there's no alcohol served, except for special parties."

Part of the appeal of the Elizabeth Club is that members don't have to bring their own women's clothes — they can rent them right on the premises. And there's also a room where guys can select makeup and have it professionally applied.

"Once I was smoking in the club and noticed lipstick stains on my cigarette," one member in a white blouse and black skirt recalled.

"It startled me — suddenly I was aware that I had become just like a woman."

Members often have a difficult time explaining their bizarre dressing habits to their families.

Shrugged a 35-year-old printer in a frilly dress, "My wife looks the other way about this on the condition our three sons don't find out about it."

But one young policeman — who would hang around the club dressed like a lady cop — was divorced by his wife when she found out.

"We met again after not seeing each other for a long time," he said.

"She gave me a one-piece dress, saying, 'I thought this might fit you!' "

— *LARRY HALEY*

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## He Became She in 1952

# Christine Jorgensen Dies

*Chronicle Wire Services*

Los Angeles

**Christine Jorgensen, the onetime George Jorgensen who shocked the world in 1952 by undergoing a series of sex-change operations in Denmark, died yesterday in San Clemente after a long struggle with cancer. She was 62.**

A spokeswoman for San Clemente General Hospital said Jorgensen died there shortly before 4 p.m.

Publicist Chris Costello, who had known her for several years, said Jorgensen "won the hearts of millions due to her guts and courage during a time period when this (operation) was a taboo, in the closet."

Costello said Jorgensen hated the term "transsexual," preferring to refer to herself simply as someone who had gone through a "sex change."

The Bronx-born Jorgensen, the child of Danish immigrants, was a soft-spoken 26-year-old ex-GI and New York photographer when he heard about the complicated procedure of hormone shots and sex operations being performed in Denmark.

Jorgensen said later that he decided to go there because he was "one of those people" who "is not of the supposed sex, but the other sex."

In the 1967 book, "Christine Jorgensen: A Personal Biography," Jorgensen wrote that she had enjoyed a normal, happy childhood but upon growing up became frustrated by feelings that she was a woman trapped in a man's body.

### Happy to Be a Woman

After three operations at the Danish government hospital in Copenhagen in December 1952, she said, "I'm happy to have become a woman, and I think many more people who are unhappy as I was before should follow my example."

Jorgensen returned to the United States in May 1953 as a willowy blonde, stepping off a TWA plane at Los Angeles with what one reporter described as "the aplomb of a movie queen."

She said she definitely would not make any movies, settling instead for stage appearances in Los Angeles and Las Vegas, featuring the theme song "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

Still, film offers poured in. She also was offered $500 a week to perform in a strip show, which she turned down.

Journalists, exhibiting the same curiosity that tantalized the public, interviewed her persistently and described every feminine gesture and feature.

Jorgensen subsequently admitted that she was not prepared for the international fuss that arose over her sex change. Most people had not heard that other such operations already had been performed, and Jorgensen became a topic of sensational stories, conversation and jokes.

Jorgensen was banned from television when she returned from Europe after the sex change. "I think they thought I was going to take my clothes off and run screaming through the studio," she once told an interviewer.

At first, Jorgensen told interviewers, she resented the lurid publicity that attended her surgery. But later, she said, "I have no regrets now over all the publicity. ... Things don't hurt the way they did then."

### On the Road

Jorgensen spent 10 years touring with her nightclub act, then expanded into stage roles and television talk show appearances and in the 1970s began lecturing at colleges on "gender identity." She also worked with groups protesting discrimination against homosexuals.

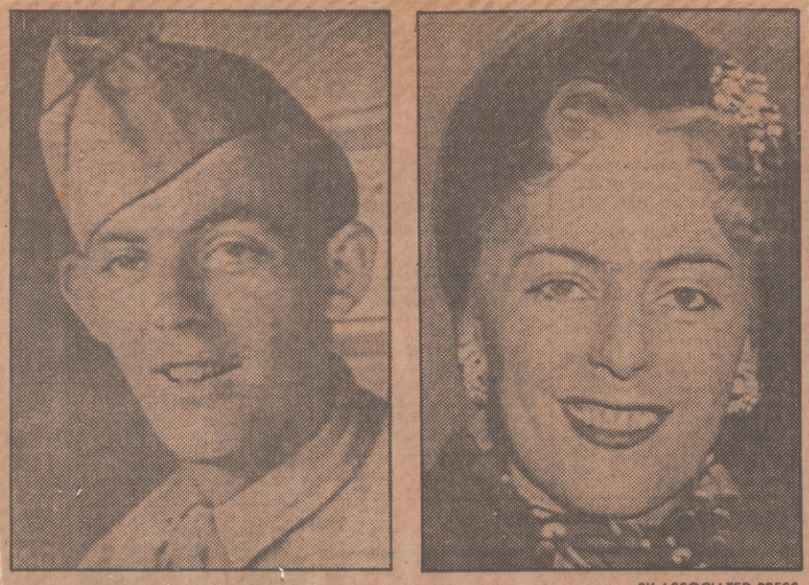
In an interview last year with the Los Angeles Times, she said: "I am very proud now, looking back, that I was on that street corner 36 years ago when a movement started. ... We may not have started it (the sexual revolution), but we gave it a good swift kick in the pants."

### 'Normal Syndrome' of Love

Jorgensen characterized her personal life as normal. Although never married, she once said, she was engaged twice.

There were stories that she planned to marry Howard J. Knox, 33, a statistician from Waukegan, Ill. But the state of New York declined to issue a marriage license because Jorgensen could not prove to official satisfaction that she was a woman. A few months later, the engagement was broken.

Jorgensen is survived by a sister and two nieces.



BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Jorgensen as a GI named George and in 1953, soon after the surgery, as a woman named Christine

# Woman State Senator Makes History in Pants

*United Press International*

Sacramento

**Prompted by sub-freezing temperatures across Northern California, state Senator Rebecca Morgan made sartorial history yesterday as the first female senator to wear pants on the Senate floor.**

"What difference does it make who wears the pants?" asked Morgan, clad in dark wool slacks and a checkered blazer. "I really enjoy slacks and, frankly, the skirts that are available this year are shorter than I'm comfortable wearing."

The decorous Senate has a formal dress code requiring "appropriate attire," including coats and ties for men, during floor sessions in its ornately restored chamber. Women senators have always worn skirts and dresses.

But the 50-year-old Republican, who is one of just four women in the 40-member Senate, said the temperature was 30 degrees when she left her Los Altos Hills home for Sacramento yesterday morning.



SEN. REBECCA MORGAN
**'Hey, Becky's got pants on'**

"A conservative, well-tailored pants suit is far more professional than a miniskirt, which is practically what they are this year," said Morgan, who was first elected to the Senate in 1984.

And Morgan said she may wear pants again. "I consider this a suit," she added of her outfit.

S.F. CHRONICLE 2/7/84



# Christine Jorgensen Dies at 62

Christine Jorgensen, who shocked the world in 1952 by undergoing a series of sex-change operations in Denmark, died yesterday of cancer in San Clemente. For the obituary, see Page B7.

Peninsula
Television Classified
Deaths
D
★★★★ Thursday, May 4, 1989 THE TIMES San Mateo—D1

# Christine Jorgensen dies at 62

## First to have sex change and tell of it

By JOHN T. McQUISTON
New York Times Service

Christine Jorgensen, a former Army private from New York who underwent surgery and hormone treatments in Denmark in 1952 to change from a male to a female, died of cancer Wednesday in San Clemente, Calif. She was 62.

The San Clemente General Hospital issued a statement saying Miss Jorgensen's death followed a long bout with bladder and lung cancer.

Miss Jorgensen was born in the Westchester section of the Bronx on May 20, 1926, and was named George Jorgensen Jr.

In her book, "Christine Jorgensen: A Personal Biography," published in 1967, Miss Jorgensen said she had a normal, happy childhood but on growing up became frustrated by feelings that she was a woman trapped in a man's body.

As George Jorgensen, she served as a clerk in the Army. After being honorably discharged, she decided to seek a sex change operation.

Her sexual conversion began with hormone injections in 1950, when she was 24. It was completed in 1952 with surgery at the Danish State Hospital in Copenhagen under the care of Dr. Christian Hamburger, a Danish hormone expert whose first name she took to form her own.



George W. Jorgensen



Christine Jorgensen, 1953



Miss Jorgensen in 1977

On her return to the United States in 1955, her transsexualism was sensationalized in the daily tabloids, some of which she gave exclusive interviews.

One tabloid headline read, "Bronx GI Becomes a Woman!" and went on, "Dear Mum and Dad, Son Wrote, I Have Now Become Your Daughter."

The New York Times carried a five-paragraph Associated Press story headlined, "Bronx 'Boy' Is Now A Girl."

"At first I was very self-conscious and very awkward," Miss Jorgensen said in an interview in 1970. "But once the notoriety hit, it did not take me long to adjust."

Miss Jorgensen was the first transsexual in the United States to publicly announce her change of sexual identity. Rather than withdraw from public attention, she turned the notoriety to her advantage with a series of lucrative tours on the lecture and nightclub circuit.

Her nightclub act featured the theme song, "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

"I decided if they wanted to see me, they would have to pay for it," she said.

She made headlines again in 1959 when she sought a license to marry and it was denied because her birth certificate said she was a male. She later chose not to marry. She could not have had children.

In an interview last year, she said she never regretted her decision to change sexes. She linked the public reaction to her decision, in part, to the awakening that led to the sexual revolution of the 1950s and '60s.

San Francisco Chronicle Saturday, December 31, 1988

# Transsexual Sues Litton Over Firing

*By John Wildermuth*
*Chronicle Peninsula Bureau*

**A South Bay engineer who appeared on national TV talk shows after she underwent a sex-change operation has sued Litton Industries, claiming she was unfairly fired last August.**

W. Carrie Jenkins, previously known as William C. Jenkins, said in a suit filed Thursday in San Mateo County Superior Court that she was the target of "impossible work assignments and verbal and emotional harassment."

Jenkins worked for Litton for eight years and was fired without cause and for reasons "including her managers' personal dislike" for transsexuals, the suit said.

Litton closes for the week between Christmas and New Year's, so company officials were unavailable to comment yesterday.

Jenkins, 57, worked in classified projects dealing with microwave technology, said her attorney, Steven Hannon of San Francisco. Until her surgery, she had been rated as an outstanding employee.

"With her age as well as her situation, it's virtually impossible for her to find a job," Hannon said. "She had at least 10 more years of productive work ahead of her, but now she's doomed."

The irony is that Jenkins, who worked in the company's San Jose facility, had been totally open about her situation for years before she was fired, the attorney said. Jenkins, who had been married with children, began living as a woman and started sex-change hormone therapy in 1985. A year later, Jenkins underwent the surgery.

By the time she was fired, any potential workplace problems had long since been resolved, Hannon said.

"She went from almost total rejection at the start to almost 100 percent acceptance by her co-workers by the time she was terminated," he said.

Jenkins has been a very visible figure in the continuing debate over sex changes. With her ex-wife and children, she has appeared on the Phil Donahue and Geraldo Rivera talk shows in the past year, talking about her surgery and answering a variety of questions about transsexuals, Hannon said.

In the suit, Jenkins asked for reinstatement to her job, along with back pay and punitive damages.

Saturday, February 18, 1989

## Man Held in Slaying Of Transvestite

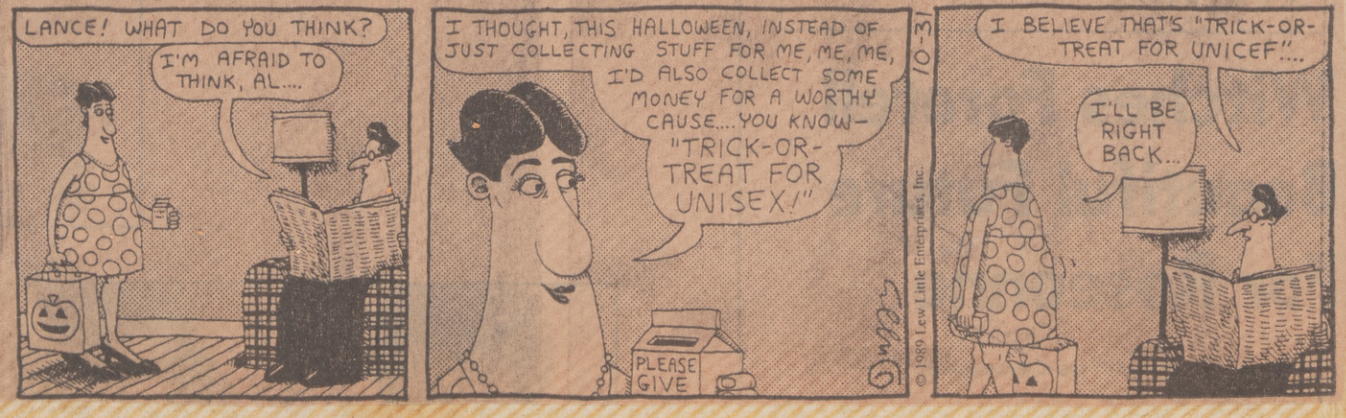
■ A San Francisco man is in custody in connection with the slaying of a transvestite.

The mother of Kelly Nichols, 33, told police her son picked up a man dressed in a coat and leotards on Market Street Wednesday and took him to his home in the Outer Mission District. The mother said Nichols told her he stabbed and beat 23-year-old Steven Hernandez to death after discovering in bed that Hernandez was a man.

According to homicide Inspector Art Garrens, the mother, Edith Nichols, encouraged her son to go to police but instead he turned himself in to the psychiatric ward at St. Luke's Hospital.

Alerted by the hospital, police found Hernandez' body in Kelly Nichol's bedroom. Scrawled on a kitchen blackboard were the words: "Forgive me. I know not what I do."

**THE FUSCO BROTHERS**/J.C. Duffy



DEAR ANN — I've read several letters in your column about men who dress up in women's clothing. I never paid much attention to them, however, because they had nothing to do with me. Until now. It's not my husband; it's my 15-year-old son.

A few months ago I painted Jake's room. While removing clutter from his closet, I noticed two pairs of my panty hose. I thought this was rather strange, but reasoned that maybe my 12-year-old daughter had "borrowed" them, ruined them and tried to hide them in her brother's closet.

I didn't say a word to either of the kids because I was afraid to face the truth.

Today I was in Jake's room again to put extra blankets in his closet and I noticed two pairs of his sister's bikini underwear in the back of the closet.

Now I know my suspicions were correct. My son is a closet queen. Please tell me if I should say something to him about my discovery. Does this mean he will be gay or bisexual?

I love my son very much. Please help me to help him.

*— Concerned Mother in Washington*

DEAR CONCERNED MOTHER — You refer to your son as a "closet queen" and speak of your fear of AIDS as if he were a homosexual. Chances are very good that you are wrong.

Your son could be a transvestite or he could simply be a 15-year-old who is curious and finds female lingerie "forbidden" and therefore erotic.

I see no need to tell him that you have discovered his "secret."

10/4/88



**Ann Landers**

# Everywhere you look, men are cross-dressing

DEAR ANN — The letter from "Concerned Mother in Washington" about her 15-year-old son who swiped her panty hose and his sister's bikini underwear struck a familiar chord.

I, too, swiped my mother's lingerie. I had been secretly cross-dressing since the age of 11, and at 18 I was buying women's clothing by mail order. When my mother discovered my secret she hit the roof. She was sure I was a homosexual, possibly a child molester, and worried that I would end up in prison.

It took a long time for my mother to cool down and then only after I promised to give up my "hobby." Of course, I didn't stop. I was just more careful from then on. But my relationship with my mother was never the same.

I am now 26, happily married to a wonderful woman who knew I was a transvestite before we married. She does not approve, but realizes it is a harmless outlet for me, as long as I keep my promise to dress up only in the privacy of our home — which I do.

*— Happy and Normal in Alaska*

DEAR H AND N — From the looks of my mail this week, half of the male population of the United States and Canada is dressing up.

DEAR ANN — Your liberal reply to "Concerned Mother" disturbed me and I felt I had to write.

She was worried that her 15-year-old son was a "closet queen" because she had found panty hose and bikini panties hidden in his closet. You gave her no help when you told her not to mention it to him.

I was married to a man for eight years. Although our sex life was just so-so for the first five years, I thought he was basically normal. Then he told me his big secret. Since he was 11 years old, he had cross-dressed in private. He thought I would accept it and that our marriage would be wonderful. I agreed until he brought it into our sex life. It turned out that he could not become aroused unless he was wearing a lace bra and a garter belt. That was too kinky for me and I got a divorce.

*— Been There in Ohio*

DEAR ANN — I am a 28-year-old female with a wonderful 33-year-old fiance. "Joe" and I are both intelligent and successful. We have a wonderful relationship and a terrific sex life.

After being together for over a year, Joe revealed his "deep, dark secret." He loves to dress as a woman, especially when he makes love.

Did I think it was weird? Not at all. I was just pleased and flattered that he shared his inner self with me.

I now help him coordinate his outfits and enjoy putting on his makeup and combing his wig. I must admit he makes a darned good-looking woman. The only thing that bothers me is that when we go out together like two dames, Joe gets a lot more whistles than I do.

*— Content in Toronto*

DEAR READERS — And people ask me if I make up letters!

# Risky sex game can end in death

DEAR ANN — Your answer to the "Concerned Mother" who was worried because she found her pantyhose and her daughter's bikini underwear hidden in her son's room made me realize that you must not know anything about auto-erotic asphyxiation.

This is a game played by young men usually 14 to 21, some of whom dress up in women's panty hose and bikini underwear. During masturbation they take a rope, toss it over a joist, pull a slip knot in a noose and put it over their head. As the rope tightens it gives them an erotic high seconds before they become unconscious. The weight of the body is supposed to release the knot, after which the subject regains consciousness. Sometimes, however, the person chokes to death.

Although hundreds of young men have died as a result of this experimentation, one never sees any mention of it in the papers.

I'm sure the reason for the secrecy is that the families are ashamed to let the circumstances of the death be known. Please, Ann Landers, print this letter and make parents aware of what can happen to their young sons. If you do not believe me, consult with any large urban police department. The police along with the parents are the ones who take down the bodies and it is heartbreaking.

*— One Whose Family Has Been Touched (St. Louis)*

# THE GRAB BAG



WHEN a woman drinks from a glass, she looks over the rim at others. When a man drinks from a glass, he looks at what he's drinking. Or such is the traditional tendency, according to the psychologists.

Friday, January 6, 1989

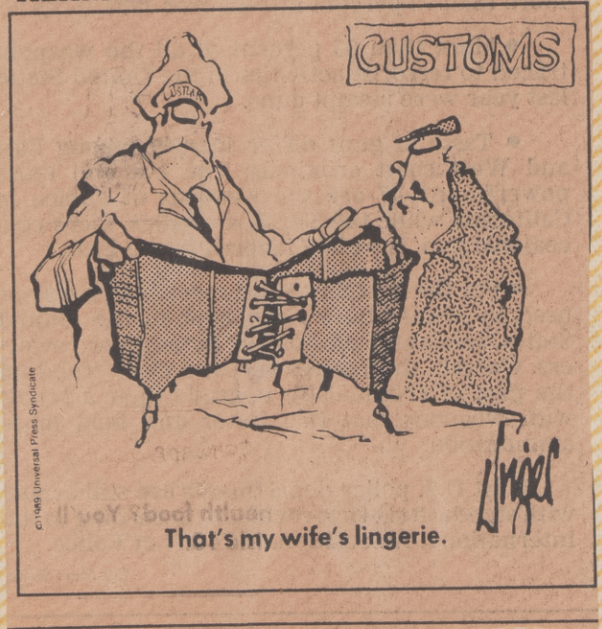


BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

## 3-Year Growth

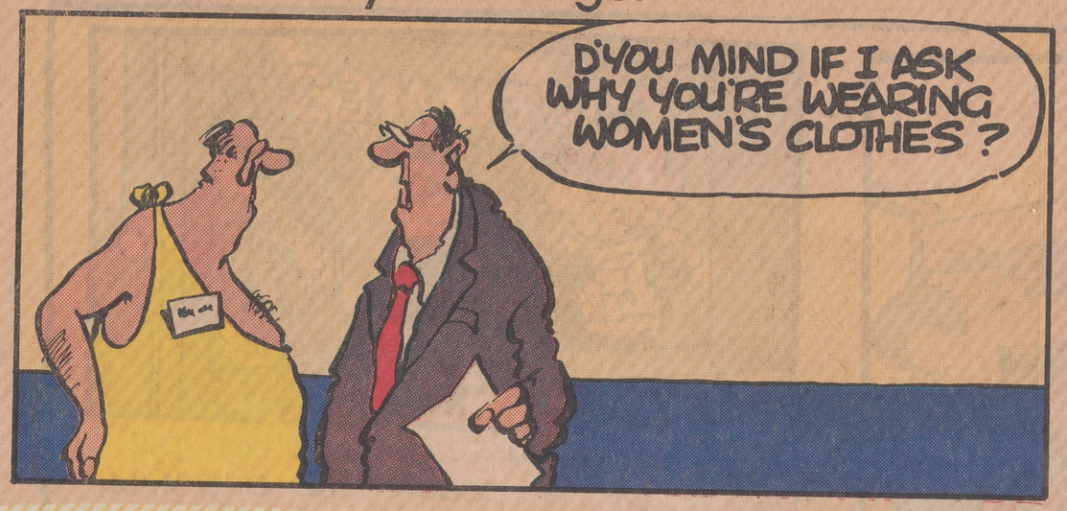
Joyce Mays showed off her curved five-inch-long fingernails recently in New Orleans. Mays says it has been three years since she last cut her nails, which she paints with a new design about every three weeks.

**HERMAN**




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**HERMAN** by Jim Unger







NAME AND
ADDRESS.


MISS THOMPSON.
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## ASK BETH

# I Enjoy Dressing Up in a Bra and Panties

BY BETH WINSHIP

**DEAR BETH: I am a 17-year-old boy. I enjoy dressing up in girls' clothes whenever my Mom and sister aren't home, everything from bra and panties to makeup and Mom's wig. I masturbate when I do this, and feel terribly guilty. I can't tell ANYBODY.**

**I don't think I'm gay. I like girls a lot. What makes me do this? — Deeply Ashamed**

This behavior is called "transvestism," or cross dressing. It's more common than most people realize. Some people, almost always males, are sexually aroused by dressing in the opposite sex's clothes, and psychiatrists don't really understand why. It does not mean you are homosexual. Seek counseling to get rid of your guilt.

•

**DEAR ANN LANDERS: I work in a male-dominated office. Unfortunately the men and I must share one bathroom.**

**The men are constantly leaving the toilet seat up. One day I decided to write a note and leave it on the back of the toilet. It read: "Guys, would you please remember to leave the toilet seat down when you are finished?"**

**They replied with a note that read. "Sure! And would you please remember to leave the seat up when you are finished."**

**Ann, tell us which is proper — to leave the seat up or down? I will post your reply on the office bulletin board. — D.W. in Santa Cruz, Calif.**

DEAR SANTA: The toilet seat when not in use should be in its normal position. Down. A well-bred gentlemen knows this and need not be reminded.



## Ann Landers



**DEAR ANN LANDERS: It was with great interest that I read your enlightened reply to "Cross-dressing."**

**Since I have been a cross-dresser for years, I can tell you there is a great deal of ignorance on this subject, and not many people want to listen to correct information. They would rather harbor their preconceived notions.**

**I have battled this thing all my life, and no way can I stop it, Ann.**

**I am normal in every respect except this one. I love to dress like a woman and nothing will ever change that.**

**I am a minister's son, a college graduate, a Vietnam vet, a Boy Scout leader, happily married for 12 years. We have two children who are fine students, and I am considered a good citizen.**

**My wife thinks cross-dressing is weird and has told me she will not tolerate it in her presence. I respect her too much to defy her wishes.**

**Early in our marriage she insisted that I see a psychiatrist. The doctor informed me that he sees nothing wrong, weird or harmful in what I do so long as I do it in private.**

**I want to thank you, Ann, for helping me and millions of other cross-dressers feel less guilty and freakish. — Ann Fan Forever in California**

DEAR FOREVER: There are a great many misconceptions about cross-dressers, the principal one being that they are all homosexuals. The purpose of this column is to educate and that is what I try to do. Thanks for noticing.

## ASK BETH

# Is It Really Wrong to Dress Him in Panties?

*BY BETH WINSHIP*

**DEAR BETH: My son, 8, and I moved to the States from England six months ago. An event happened two weeks ago that has left me angered and confused.**

**My son misbehaved, and as punishment I dressed him in a dress, pinafore panties and patent shoes, and I put him in the back yard to play. A neighbor saw him and came to my door and shouted that I was severely abusing the boy and endangering him.**

**In England, this form of punishment is commonplace. We believe dressing a boy this way reduces negative and aggressive behavior. Is it really considered wrong in America? — Newcomer**

Child psychologists here feel that dressing a boy in girl's clothes as a punishment might affect his feelings about masculinity and femininity. Kids approaching puberty are confused enough about their developing sexuality.

I have had numerous letters from young men who dress in women's clothes to enhance their sex lives and say it began when their mothers dressed them in girl's clothes as a punishment. It also downgrades women to associate their clothing with punishment, don't you think?

Try to find a more appropriate form of discipline.




*"The city is cracking down on transvestites, ma'am. I'll have to ask you to show me your pussy!"*

**DEAR ABBY** / ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

# He Wants to Be A Woman



DEAR ABBY: I am a 23-year-old male nurse. I love sports and excelled in track. I was saved by the grace of Jesus Christ two years ago. I read the Bible daily and sing in the gospel choir.

Even though I am a born-again Christian, I am miserable. All my life I have wanted to be a woman. I would love to be on the U.S. Olympic women's track team. I can cook, sew and type. I have never cared anything about mechanics, engineering, or any of the so-called masculine careers. I hate hunting and fishing. I could never kill a living thing.

Abby, this secret desire to be a woman is about to destroy me. I am not a homosexual, but I'd give anything to have a sex-change operation. Where is this done? Is it against the law? I will go anywhere. I'd rather be dead than continue living like this.

Abby, if the Lord really loves me, why did he give me a man's body when I feel and think like a woman? I have been this way all my life. Please help me!

SAVED BUT DIFFERENT

**DEAR SAVED: The Lord created all of us, and why he made you "different" I do not know. Nature sometimes makes biological blunders, as is the case when one's body does not conform with his (or her) natural feelings. You are not alone. Don't feel guilty. One cannot help what he feels.**

**I believe that knowledge, skill and talent are divinely inspired, and that those scientists, physicians and surgeons whose combined efforts have made sex-change operations possible do so with God's guidance. For information about sex-reassignment surgery and related problems, inquire at the nearest medical school that has a human sexuality program.**

8-31-88



**Ann Landers**

# Dressing preference best kept private

DEAR ANN — I'm a 51-year-old male who has been dressing in women's clothing since I was a child. My mother thought it was cute when I asked if she could put lipstick and dresses on me, but, of course, she didn't let me go to school like that.

I have never appeared in public dressed as a woman, although I've been wearing lace panties and bras for several years. From time to time I felt it wasn't right so I would quit, but there was always an irresistible urge to start dressing again and I would give in to it.

I am not a homosexual. I am 6 feet tall, have a bass voice and a fair-sized Adam's apple. I could imitate the ways of a female but am afraid I could never make it as a woman because of the things I have mentioned.

These are my options. Please help me choose:

1. Try to stop dressing up forever.
2. Keep doing it privately, as I have been.
3. Keep at it and have my external sex organs removed. They are a nuisance to me and I would like to be rid of them.
4. Have a sex-change operation and keep it quiet, living as a man publicly and a woman privately.

— *Near North in Chicago*

**DEAR N.N. CHIC.** — If you can manage with option No. 2, it would be the best way to go. Surgery should be done only when there is an overwhelming desire to change one's sexual identity. It involves several operations; it is costly, painful, and requires intensive psychological counseling.

Monday, September 4, 1989

# Son Reveals His Life With 'Papa'

## EAVESDROP
*Richard Johnson*

A new skeleton has walked out of the Hemingway family closet. In the latest issue of Fame magazine, in a piece on **Ernest Hemingway's** three sons — **Jack, Patrick** and **Gregory** — and how they "never escaped the long shadow cast by their father's life, work and violent suicide," Gregory, 57, reveals that he is a transvestite, and he suspects that his father was, too. Gregory recalls the day when he was 12 and his father walked in on him and caught him wearing his mother's nylon stockings. Gregory saw on Papa's face "a look of such devastation and horror and just, yuck . . .



**Gregory Hemingway, shown here as a young boy with father Ernest, has revealed some interesting details of his childhood**

But now when I look back on it — maybe I'm reading more into it than is there — the look of horror on his face may not just have been been 'What's wrong with my boy?' Maybe it was 'What's wrong with the family? My God! Is he doing this, too?' Because he was just too masculine to believe."

# Memoir puts Cary Grant in women's underwear

A book on **Cary Grant** tells us that he did indeed prefer women's stretch nylon briefs to men's underwear. Also, he generally hired gay men as secretaries rather than straight women. His reasoning was that the female version of undies was cooler and easier to wash, but the female version of secretaries insisted on falling in love with him to the detriment of office procedure.

In "An Affair to Remember: My Life With Cary Grant," **Maureen Donaldson**, who was 27 when she took up with the 70-year-old actor, quoted him saying that if a secretary was going to make eyes at him, "I'd rather it be a man than a woman."

While all you office managers take notes of the above, we'll point out that Donaldson's book should be out in April.

# 'Rocky' nights in Alameda

By G. Jean Morales
Staff writer

"I take a lot of ribbing for this," Craig Cave said as he looked down at the women's stockings and garters he wore.

"Guys say stuff like, 'Hey, I heard you are a transvestite.' But I only admit to being one on Saturday nights," said Cave, a sailor on the USS Kansas City.

The 24-year-old adjusted his position on the arm of a seat and looked around the empty theater. He and his fellow cast members, dressed in lingerie, wigs and makeup, had just finished a performance of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show" in Alameda's South Shore Cinemas.

The 1975 film based on a British underground play has been playing Saturdays at midnight at the theater for about six months.

Part of the show's appeal has come from the practice of watching a live cast lip-sync the entire movie on stage while the film is being shown. This sort of a "live and on screen" setup has kept the film popular, especially in Berkeley, which used to have the only live cast in the East Bay.

Alameda has recently gotten into the act, as well.

A cast and crew of about 14 put on the weekly live performances of the cult film, which has drawn its greatest audience from the teenage crowd.

The movie is the musical tale of Brad and Janet, two middle-class young people who become engaged after a friend's wedding. While driving back from the ceremony in a rainstorm, their car blows a tire and they decide to go to a castle they spotted on the road to use the phone.

This is where things start to get strange.

The castle is inhabited by Dr. Frank N. Furter, a transvestite Dr. Frankenstein type, and his groupies. Dr. Furter is obsessed with bringing his creation, Rocky, to life.

Our heroes get caught up in Dr. Furters's lace-and-garter quest to breathe life into Rocky, and get more than a little sexually liberated in the process.

This is what a group of Alameda young people, ranging in age from 17 to 23, spend their Saturday nights doing.

And their parents know about it, too.

Cast members under the age of 18 had to get their parents' permission before they could appear on stage.

"My mom knows this is a little risque," 17-year-old cast member Kerrieanne Kettelhut said. "But she doesn't mind too much."

Duane Stockton, 17, who plays Riffraff, Dr. Furter's butler, said his mother doesn't seem to mind at all. "In fact, she's even willing to come to a performance."

Cave, the Navy seaman who plays Magenta, not only gets bugged back on the ship about how he spends his Saturday nights, but he gets it from home, too.

"My parents really don't like it, but it's a choice," said Cave, "I could be doing this, or they could pick me up for being drunk and disorderly on Saturday nights."

Cast leader Susan Prince, 19, agrees with that philosophy. "If they're here, I don't have to worry about them on Saturday nights," she said.

John Biscevich, 17, who plays the part of Brad, admitted that Rocky has given him something to do.

"Before, it was 'What are you doing on Saturday night?' Not much, living in Alameda," he said. "But being able to do Rocky has been fun — a real blast."

Another plus for some of the cast members has been that they are getting drama credit in school as well as experience. Just about all of them admit to being aspiring actors.

Kettelhut, a student at Alameda High, plays the part of Columbia in the production, and receives credit for it.

"It's one of the things that keeps my mother from minding too much," Kettelhut said. "I just have to remind her that I get credit for all this. I just try not to act too strangely in front of her.

"But sometimes, I forget, and I do parts of it in front of her. Whenever I start acting weird, she just figures it must be Rocky," said Kettelhut.

She isn't the only one acting weird.

During showings of the films, audiences, who for the most part have seen the movie many times, get just as involved in the script as the cast does.

While rain pours on Brad and Janet, moviegoers squirt each other with water pistols. When wedding guests throw rice, so does the audience. And when Brad makes a toast, everyone throws bits of toasted bread.

All this craziness makes the theatre's janitor "hate us on Sunday morning," Prince said.

The audiences also talk back to the characters on the screen, Prince explained.

"People really get involved in the film," she said. "They know all the words."

Which gave them a considerable head start over Prince's cast, which is still in its infancy.

"When we started, the majority of us had never really seen the movie — maybe just once," said Prince, who portrays Dr. Furter.

"We had to learn everything — the words, the songs, the mannerisms, the blocking — from scratch," she said.

"They've done a great job in pulling it all together so quickly," she said.

Although the movie has been playing for about six months, only 22 performances have included a live cast.

And even though the show is still relatively new to Alameda, "We have about 30 regulars, who make it almost every Saturday night," Prince said. "We have older people who keep coming back. It's not just kids."

Prince estimates that an average night draws about 125 "Rocky Horror" fans.

One of the regulars, 16-year-old Javier Del Rio, has been attending performances of the film in the Bay Area for the past three years.

"I come to Rocky because you can be whatever you want here. You can have fun, and no one is going to criticize you, no one stares at you," he said.

Del Rio, a Sunset High School student, comes to Alameda from his San Francisco home almost every Saturday night.

The only cast member who can rival Del Rio's devotion is Cave. He first saw the film on Halloween night, 1982. The cast's Feb. 14 performance was the 365th time Cave had seen the movie.

And he's never gotten tired of it.

"When I joined the Navy and entered boot camp, those were the worst eight weeks of my life," Cave said, "because I couldn't go see Rocky on Saturday nights."

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*The Rocky Horror Picture Show screens Saturday nights at midnight at South Shore Cinemas in South Shore Shopping Center. For more information, call the theater at 521-4200.*



Ben Margot — staff photo

'Rocky Horror Picture Show' cast members in rehearsal include, left to right, Eric Finch as Eddie; Susan Prince, Dr. Frank N. Furter, and Duane Stockton as Riffraff.

# Alive at midnight



Mark Koehler photo

The "Rocky Horror Picture Show" cast is in costume and ready for the midnight show Saturday at South Shore Cinemas. The cast includes, from left, Eric Finch as Eddie, Susan Prince as Dr. Frank N. Furter, Duane Stockton as Riffraff, and John Biscevich, as Brad. Story on Page 11.

# Film Fest Takes on Toads and Odd Pair

*By Judy Stone*
*Chronicle Staff Critic*

**The exotic mating habits of cane toads and the bizarre role reversal in a French marriage will provide a lot of food for thought at the San Francisco Film Festival's free Golden Gate Awards ceremony at 8 o'clock tonight at the Kabuki 8.**

Five of the prize-winners, selected from 577 entries from 16 countries, will be shown. The Golden Gate Awards competition for independent films and video in four categories precedes the film festival itself, which opens tomorrow.

The ecological menace of cane toads is explored in an Australian documentary, "Cane Toads: An Unnatural History," a black comedy full of hops, skips, jumps, fornication and a fecundity too frightful to contemplate.

The Mark Lewis film, which won the top prize in the "documentary — sociology" slot, has a deadpan cast of Australian characters who analyze the present state of affairs vis a vis the foreign critters now threatening their land. The toads were imported from Hawaii in 1935 to combat pests destroying the sugar crop, but they ate everything except the grubs and beetles. To add insult to injury, they spent most of their time in sexual dalliance (up to eight hours a fling), multiplying at an alarming rate.

Meanwhile, singers compose songs about them, freaks who'll smoke anything find a way light up a toad trifle, little children dress 'em up like dolls and the scientists are still trying to figure out how to croak them. Calaveras County was never like this.

There's a decidedly more peaceful aura to "Call Me Madame" (winner in the profiles category), but an undercurrent of emotional turbulence occasionally shows through in this fascinating portrait of a French transsexual.

In 1982, a tall, husky, retired high school teacher who had been married for 40 years to another teacher and was the father of a teenage son, decided to adopt the feminine persona that he had sensed since his childhood. Now known as Ovida, she clearly welcomes the opportunity to speak openly about that decision to film maker Francoise Romand, although at one point she balks at questions directed to her as a "transsexual" when she just wants to consider herself a woman, a poet and a peace activist. She had seen the worst side of war at 17, tortured by the Gestapo and sent to a concentration camp.

The documentary re-creates the day she put on women's clothes and told her neighbors and the village shopkeepers about her change of lifestyle. Some of those interviewed are clearly ill at ease with the situation, while others accept it.

Huguette, Ovida's companion and former wife, says she knew about her husband's secret feelings before they were married. Although she seems comfortable with the situation, two sudden bursts of tears contradict her usual composure. Their son makes no attempt to hide his anger at what he considers the loss of his father.

Romand also provides a glimpse of other transsexuals who meet to discuss their problems in Paris. The tearful mother of one confesses that she had never before realized how mean people could be to someone who is different.



**Huguette and her transsexual spouse Ovida Delect, in the French documentary 'Call Me Madame,' showing tonight at the Golden Gate Awards ceremony**

Three short films that also will be shown tonight are "Red's Dream" (computer-generated imagery) by John Lasseter of San Rafael, "Wrong Place, Wrong Time" (short subject) by John Haptas and Kristine Samuelson of Palo Alto, and "Paradisia" (animation) by Marcy Page of San Francisco.

The top Golden Gate Award winner, "Radio Bikini," about the first postwar atomic bomb tests at Bikini, will be screened on March 25 and 26 at the Kabuki. Bill Couturie's superb documentary "Dear America: Letters Home From Vietnam" will be shown on March 21, 22 and 25.

A selection of other Golden Gate Award winners will be shown from noon to 5 p.m. today at the Goethe Institute. Admission is free.